

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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By William Winter



VOLUME FIFTY-ONE NO 6

APRIL 26 1913



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- 3 The CREAM or richness from any one of a group of vegetable food oils.



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New Food Flavors: The delicate flavors which distinguish Crisco foods are not exactly new. They merely are natural flavors allowed to assert themselves. They no longer are overpowered by the strong taste of lard or other cooking fat, because Crisco has neither taste nor odor; only a delicate aroma, suggestive of its purity. Crisco is the most delicate of all shortenings. This is why in eating Crisco foods "new" flavors are discovered.

When using Crisco in the place of butter, salt should be added to compensate for the salt which is put into the butter to keep it fresh and to give it additional flavor.

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Colliers



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



His Eyes on Washington



SIMPLIFIED GOVERNMENT

IN ONE STATE there is already on foot a movement, sure to be successful, to do away with the archaic and inefficient system of State Legislatures and substitute for it an adaptation of the commission form of government which has been found so satisfactory for cities. In his final address to the State Legislature in March, Governor HODGES of Kansas said:

In common with a large and growing number of thoughtful people, I am persuaded that the instrumentalities for legislation provided for in our State constitution have become antiquated and inefficient. Our system is fashioned after the English Parliament, with its two Houses based upon the distinction between the nobility and the common people, each House representing the divers interests of these classes. No reason exists in this State for a dual legislative system . . . and I believe that we should now concern ourselves in devising a system for legislating that will give us more efficiency and quicker response to the demands of our economic and social conditions and to the will of the people.

In defining just how the new form of government would work in practice, Governor HODGES names:

A legislative assembly of one, or at most two, from each Congressional district. For Kansas this would mean a body of either eight or sixteen men. Obviously, as to the number, what might be a good rule for Kansas would not work elsewhere, for under a system of two from each Congressional district, New York would have a body with eighty-six members. The most thoughtful students of this innovation who are familiar with the commission form of government as it now works in cities believe that for a State the number should never exceed twenty. Governor HODGES continues:

My judgment is that the Governor should be ex officio a member and presiding officer of this assembly, and that it should be permitted to meet in such frequent and regular or adjourned sessions as the exigencies of the public business may demand; that their terms of office be for four or six years, and that they be paid salaries sufficient to justify them in devoting their entire time to the public business. Such a legislative assembly would not, I believe, be more expensive than our present system. It would centralize responsibility and accountability, and under the check of the recall would be quickly responsive to the wishes of the people. Governor HODGES apparently would have the Governor elected directly by the people; many advocates of the new idea would have the commission choose its own Governor and other administrative officials, like the Attorney General and Treasurer, from among its own members. But details do not matter. One of the most important facts in contemporary history is the circulation of petitions, now going on in Kansas, looking to this change in the form of State governments. The friendliness of the newspaper indorsements of this idea, printed in COLLIER'S last week, coupled with the inefficiency, even more than usually discreditable, of many of the State Legislatures recently in session, indicates widespread willingness to try this momentous departure in American government.

"THE RULES OF EVIDENCE"

HERE IS A QUOTATION from a New York newspaper, dealing with the case of a State Senator charged with bribery:

... EDGAR N. WILSON of Syracuse, who is to be STILWELL'S chief counsel, does not seem to be disturbed over the charges and declares that if the rules of evidence are observed in the admission of testimony, President KENDALL cannot prove his case.

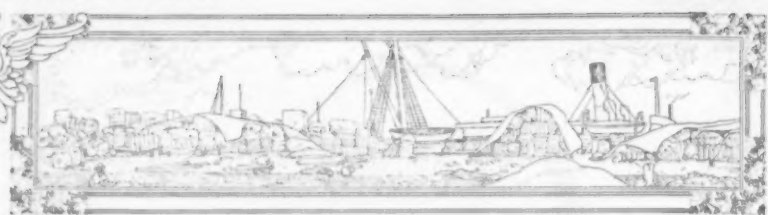
Coming from a lawyer of experience, this would seem to be a corroboration of much of the criticism directed against the administration of the law. The natural inference of the layman is that if the rules of evidence are not observed—if common sense and justice are given a chance—then the accuser will be able to prove his case. In that little newspaper paragraph is a world of legal significance. But the newspaper paragraph which immediately follows the above is still more significant from a political standpoint:

Chairman MURTAUGH, who is a lawyer, insisted to-night that the committee will not consider anything except the charges outlined in KENDALL'S telegram to Governor SULZER, and that the strict rules of evidence will be observed so far as lies in his power.

What a symphony of feeling and of soul between the chairman of the investigating committee and the accused Senator's counsel! What have the rules of court procedure to do anyway with a moral issue? Have not the courts troubles enough trying to satisfy the public of their justice without a legislative committee borrowing their discredited rules for whitewashing purposes?

TO PREVENT FLOODS

THOSE WHO ADVOCATE bringing the organization and equipment now finishing the Panama Canal to the United States for river improvement ought to take advantage of the floods in the Central West to strengthen their argument. The distinction—enforced by the Constitution—between what a State can do and what the nation can do—is a powerful obstacle in the way of doing what is sensible. There are few episodes in Washington more discouraging than to see men whose



intelligence is as high as that of Senator JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS and Senator BURTON spending several days in debating to find out whether building a levee is meant to improve navigation (which the nation can do), or to protect farm lands (which the Constitution says only the States can do). Anybody who understands the present temper of the people, and sympathizes with the American passion for directness and effectiveness, will not be shocked by the prediction that many of our constitutional rigidities are going to be loosened up by a general revision within a short time.

MR. MORGAN'S FORTUNE

"ESTIMATES OF HIS FORTUNE," says a morning paper, "range from \$200,000,000 to \$500,000,000." His art collections alone are put at \$60,000,000. It will be a year or more before the estate has been inventoried for taxation purposes; but it is improbable that Mr. MORGAN'S fortune ever equaled even the latter sum. Mr. MORGAN was not generally regarded as a very rich man; and it is to be noted that no man has yet died in America with a publicly inventoried estate of \$90,000,000. There are probably not more than three men living the value of whose estates exceeds this sum. These are Mr. ROCKEFELLER, Mr. CARNEGIE, and WALDORF ASTOR. Mr. HARRIMAN and JOHN JACOB ASTOR were thought to be worth \$150,000,000. Their estates came out at \$70,000,000 and \$87,000,000.

BRIDGE BUILDERS

THEY FOLLOW REPORTERS, precede relief trains, and are on the spot almost before the crest of the flood has gone down. They were all over Ohio, spinning their quick webs across torrents it seemed nothing could cross. At Zanesville, where the Muskingum rose nearly fifty-two feet, there is a dam, and at the very foot of this dam was a heavy railroad bridge. The flood carried it out and bent its steel girders like so much soft wire. While the muddy water was still thundering over, a steam crane leaned out from the solid shore and delicately lowered a big hairpin-shaped frame of twelve-by-twelve timber. Weighted with railroad iron, it dipped to the bottom, was lifted out, measured, sawed, dipped again. It is nice work fitting one of these "bents" in such a current so that the top will be level and ready to receive beams run out from the shore. Once in place, stringers run out and bolted, ties and rails put down, the crane edged out a little farther, and down went another "bent." Between this and the first a heavy scow was lowered to the water, and suspended in it from the crane's chains, with the flood roaring about them and splashing them with spray, men hauled the dangling "bent" into position at the bottom, a winch engine pulled it taut at the top, and the second beam was bolted on. And so, step by step, the bridge crept across the torrent as surely, neatly almost, as if no water were there. No interviews or medals for the construction gang. Dangling over what might be Niagara's rapids, with helpless idlers watching open-mouthed from the shore, they fight the river with their steel-and-steam giant and their own nimble skill, and at night return, unheralded and unknown, to some side-street hotel. There they eat everything on the bill of fare, and, red-faced, good-natured boys, sprawl before the natural-gas fireplace "like Mars, a-smokin' their pipes and cigars."

THE THING AS IT IS

THERE WERE PERHAPS TWENTY MEN about the table, each a stored museum of little-known facts. One might know the marriage customs of some remote tribe of Eskimos; perhaps another be absorbed at the moment in the ventral fin of a variety of fish found in Nicaragua. On the wall was a map of the world, and on this map were stuck various little flags. One was up in Ellesmere Land, within the Arctic Circle; one in the South Seas; one in the Amazon headwaters, and another on the coast of Peru. On each of these flags was a name, and these names were names of friends and associates of the men about the table—men who were burrowing at the moment into tropical jungles or dragging sledges over the ice. If a letter had arrived at that instant, stained with the travel of months—by mule back, steamer, native courier, goodness knows what—some one would have gone over to the map and moved one of the little flags—perhaps half an inch. "Smith has got up to here," he would say. One of the flags marked a spot on the upper Orinoco, where a mountain rises straight up from the river like an office building from a city street. Nobody knows what there may be on its wide, flat top, for no one has been there—a lost nation perhaps, like the one in CONAN DOYLE'S story. "HUMBOLDT says it can't be climbed," observed one of the men at the table. "Well, we'll see. X— ought to find out." That was what X— was there for—to find out. That was the work, almost the religion, of all these men about the table—to find out, to see the thing "as it is," as we say. Four or five of them were leaving the next day to rake a remote tropical jungle with a fine-tooth comb and classify its birds. To come back with three new kinds



might excite them as much as it would the waiter who was serving them to find three gold mines. Outside, the city thundered—money hunters, steam riveters, chorus girls, trolley-car motormen, perfumed ladies in carriages with poodle dogs—as indifferent to them as they, a handful of scientific persons from the American Museum of Natural History, were to it. Circles within circles innumerable make up that strange thing called a city.

CORSETS

QUITE SERIOUSLY SPEAKING, there is one gain which has been brought about by the revolution and evolution of fashion which is an unqualified and indisputable gain. It is the elimination of the corset as a necessary foundation for conventional dress. Not that corsets have been done away with entirely; they are still on the market, as can be seen in passing any department-store front, and will probably continue to be worn to a considerable extent for some time to come. But it is now possible for a woman of ordinary build and reasonably active habits to walk into a shop, purchase a dress of the conventional make, and wear it in the streets without corsets, and yet not be set down as a hopeless frump or person of questionable modesty. Moreover, corsets are now being made not to distort the body, but to give it the freest and most natural lines possible. The well-dressed woman who wears corsets wants to look as if she didn't. All this is not merely a point of fashion nor even of hygiene. It is a distinct forward step in the civilization of the race. A Chinese diplomat, in the days before the present Westernizing of China began, was defending his country against the charge of being barbarian. He was reminded of the foot-binding practiced on his womankind. "Yes," he replied, "we squeeze our women's feet, but we do not squeeze their waists." The papers derived much merriment from this reply, but it was as serious and biting an arraignment of a civilization as could very well have been made. What custom more cruel and senseless than the old-time corset has ever afflicted a people? MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE, in her recent enlightening book, "Why Women Are So," says of the women of the passing generation:

The corset, worn originally in Europe as a means of emphasizing sex characters—the bust and the hips—became the armor of respectability for innocent and overmodest women. To be seen without it was not merely slovenly, it was improper, even vulgarly suggestive. As soon as any young girl approached adolescence, she had to put it on. Some mothers said, for propriety's sake; and other mothers that she might have a good figure when she grew to womanhood. That is to say, she must develop the small waist and the large hips and bust, like a French fashion plate, in order to meet the requirements of Puritan modesty.

What could be a more ridiculous reason for thwarting the vigorous development of a growing girl? The makers of fashion will probably try to change again their dictates in this regard. But the history of the corset will probably be like that of the shirt waist and street suit. This costume, much the most comfortable and sensible yet devised for women, was inaugurated against protest; but once established, it has persisted in spite of repeated efforts on the part of dressmakers to eliminate it. In similar manner, once having gotten women out of corsets, let us sincerely hope, for the sake of the future of the race, that their own common sense will keep them from ever being persuaded to get into them again.

A FAMILIAR MARVEL

IT IS NOT EASY to measure the contribution to civilization which was made by the invention of an engine which weighs less than one horse and fills less than one-twentieth of the bulk, but has the power of sixty horses and can keep on giving out that power for as long as fifteen days (the highest record so far) without stopping, in actual work on the road. The eye has become so familiar with automobiles that the mind has ceased to ponder how immeasurably man's subjection to nature was lessened by the inventor of the gasoline engine. And it is not only the automobile—the flying machine also became possible through the invention of the gasoline motor. These reflections are suggested by a coincidence: the appearance of a pamphlet in which Cleveland takes official pride in the fact that the first automobile was sold in that city, by the mechanic who made it, exactly fifteen years ago; and the announcement that the Chicago Automobile Club will conduct in June a non-stop motor run from that city to Boston, covering about 1,250 miles in three days, in which the condition of winning is that from beginning to end the engine shall not cease to run.

ONE IMPRESSION OF WOODROW WILSON

HE WAS BORN to react on men and things, a responsive though disciplined being. And he seldom comes out from a first-hand experience by that same door he went in. He will always be ready to believe that this day may bring him a man with truth—truth that must henceforth be included in his reckoning, though it had not been incorporated in earlier conclusions. Often he will be said to go back on

friends, because the friends are unwilling to go forward with him. His life practice is the fulfillment of BERGSON's thesis, that the future is not wholly contained in the past, but that unexpected elements work out into event; that the reason, theorizing on life, has to reshape its judgments and revise its findings as life itself wins over new regions. He cannot be either stampeded or restrained. Like a well-spring, he overflows into fertilizing speech. Fate directed it into the larger channels of national life. But it would have continued to flow just as abundantly in the less-observed currents of literature and lecture.

CUBISM

MUCH INK has been spilled for and against the Cubist painters. To the mingled severity and hilarity of their detractors, the defense has opposed explications of the most specific and incomprehensible nature.

So far as the artist relies on the associated ideas of the objects which he represents, his work is not completely free and pure, since romantic associations imply at least an imagined practical activity.

Thus one of the British defenders of the faith. But LEWIS CARROLL, years before, had expressed the craft philosophy of the cult in words at once simpler and nobler:

He thought he saw a kangaroo
That worked a coffee mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A vegetable pill.

He thought he saw a rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The middle of next week.

The Cubistic crux of the matter is in the words "He looked again." If at first you don't succeed in comprehending a specimen of this art, look, look again. Remember always that the artist of this thrice-blessed school needs no idea for his picture. All that he needs is an emotion and an ambition. Unlike the rule-cramped craftsman of the effete schools, he does not say: "I will now paint a picture of a mountain"; or a cow, or LYDIA E. PINKHAM saving suffering womanhood. Seizing his T square, he says merely: "I will now paint a picture." And he paints it. He doesn't worry about what it's a picture of. He lets the spectators do that. Thus it is delightfully easy to become a Cubist. We ourselves are not much of an artist. Yet with a pair of serviceable shears, a paste pot, and the Forty-first Proposition of the late unlamented Professor EUCLID, we recently produced a masterpiece which was promptly and enthusiastically identified by three highly competent critics as: (a) A suffragette riot in a Noah's Ark; (b) sketch of a one-legged painter ascending an imaginary ladder backward; (c) impressions in dark blue of an argument between a trolley-car conductor and the holder of a time-expired transfer. In our own magnificent intention, the picture was to have been entitled: "Study in Profile of an Overdue Laundry Bill for \$2.16." (Observe the Cubistic quality of the amount.) But this didn't matter. Each of the critics had clearly perceived in the picture something which wasn't there. And this is the true test of Post-Impressionistic success. Anyone with a reasonable amount of assurance can achieve it. Doubtless thousands will. So long as blank paper remains a temptation, and the sharpened pencil a stimulant to untrammelled and untutored self-expression, so long will the new school of revolt flourish and nourish richly upon its own abounding self-esteem.

HEALTH

THERE WAS A BANK CLERK who saw the men of his own age losing health year by year through overwork, indoor sedentary life, and lack of daily exercise. He saw them growing yellow and flabby and unfit, and the spectacle didn't attract him. He decided that success had better come late, or even not at all, rather than at the price of a ruined body. Health became to him the choicest of the mercies, the best of life's comrades. Up and away the person in health can dash—to another job, to another clime, master of his fate. Ill health is a chain that ties to the dreariness of what is nearest at hand. After a youth of weakness and fatigue the man was happy in finding that an hour of exercise a day changed the aspect of the outer world, and removed him for all time from the ranks of the unfit.

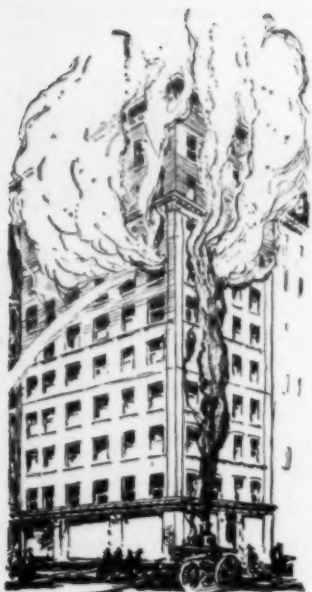
TO OUR READERS

FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS COLLIER'S, at the price of 10 cents a copy and \$5.50 a year, has reached each week about five hundred thousand families. It is believed that a reduction of the price to 5 cents a copy and \$2.50 per year will make the paper accessible to a very much larger number of people. The reduction will be made, therefore, with the issue of May 3. At the same time certain additions to the present methods of distribution will be made, such as will make the paper much more easy of access to the public. Those of our friends who are good enough to believe that this paper is useful will share our satisfaction over the increase in our reading public.

A Partnership in Fires

VIII of "The Business of Arson"

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



If possible a number of fires will be made the same night, so that the fire department will have less chance of putting out any of them until damage enough has been done for a total loss

THIS is the concluding article of an epoch-making series. In the three months during which the articles have been appearing in Collier's the movement for the reform of the fire insurance methods responsible for the increase of arson has become national.

ANY vital study of the stock fire insurance business in America to-day must, essentially, be a study of a great and necessary business in process of moral decay; the most direct proof of which lies in this:

In almost every important metropolitan office building devoted to fire insurance you will find the offices of at least one man who—as is perfectly well known to all his fellow tenants—is simply a business manager of arson. Henry G. Freeman, just convicted in New York as an arranger of fires and a hirer of fire bugs, had been known as such for years. His office was at 123 William Street, which is likewise the address of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange and the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

The American business manager of arson is in such buildings because he is now the partner of the real master of American fire insurance, the broker, with whom he shares his profits. The insurance companies tolerate him because of their dread of all publicity in the business, and because of their fear of his broker partner, through whom the best of their business comes. He calls himself a "public adjuster."

THE GENUINE PUBLIC ADJUSTER AND THE CRIMINAL

A GENUINE public adjuster is a skilled accountant and appraiser who, after a large or complex fire, comes to the help of the assured, shows him how to draw up his inventories and "proofs of loss," and make his insurance collection.

In not five fires in a thousand is such skilled help necessary. And the adjusting of fire losses should no more be left to private individuals than the probating of wills or the transference of property. But in its essence the adjusting of fire losses is a perfectly legitimate profession. It began by being so. There are real public adjusters who are to-day practicing it honorably and usefully. And wherever throughout these articles I attack without qualification the crooked public adjuster, please remember that honorable members of the profession exist and must be kept in mind.

The condition which affords the crooked public adjuster his opportunity is this:

If it can avoid it, the average American fire company will almost never contest a claim in court. If the fire is criminal the company knows that it was, most often, the practices of its own insurance sellers which opened the door for the crime to be committed. If the fire, in itself, was accidental, but the loss claim has been fraudulently "padded" or increased, the legal costs and the costly notoriety will in general mean loss to the company in the end. Anyone, then, who has learned how best to cover up criminality, "pad" loss claims, and take advantage of the most palpable weaknesses of insurance law can, in America, go to a man who has had an "honest" fire and show him, under the guise of adjusting his loss, how he can make it profitable. He can go to a man who has had a crooked fire and show him how to make it still more profitable. And, at the same time, since the insurance company pays all, he can collect a handsome graft profit for himself.

THE \$50 LOSS WHICH BECOMES \$800

WE NOW have such "public adjusters" in almost every large city on the continent. Merely in making accidental fires profitable, they probably increase by 40 per cent the cost of fires and fire insurance wherever

they work. The number of originally honest people whom they have corrupted and turned into fire bugs cannot be told. And, as a rule, they swindle those they cannot corrupt.

They are, wherever possible, bribers of firemen and fire patrolmen, of fire marshals, and the loss adjusters of the insurance companies themselves. They have learned what companies can be bled most easily. They have learned how to procure crooked invoices and proofs of loss from jobbers and wholesalers who themselves have had criminal fires. They can show the shady merchant how he can keep his books so that he can have a fire at any time and still be sure of a profit. Their methods are in general wholly shameless and successful.

"There are cases," testified Fire Marshal Beers of New York, in 1911, "where the probable loss amounts to \$50 or \$60. When they come to my office"—after the public adjuster has been to them—"they produce a schedule which amounts to \$800 or \$900. He tells them to stand stiff and hang out sixty days, and they will get the money. The company has to pay it. And the more they [the insured] get, the more he gets." This is because the public adjuster makes his contracts on a commission basis—five, ten, twenty per cent—and everything he can get above a fixed amount.

These are the phases of the criminal public adjuster's activities which most often appear upon the surface. And many thoroughly crooked adjusters do not go beyond this stage. But, within five years after New York had been given its first gentry who were in the business of making fires profitable, it discovered that half of them had taken the next step: they were planning and arranging the fire itself. In America arson had its business managers.

THE BUSINESS MANAGERS OF ARSON

IN THE main, the secrecy of the fire insurance business has covered these parasites of the business as a dozen sorts of field vermin are covered by every large flat stone. In 1896 the stone was lifted for a few months in New York by District Attorney Davis. It was lifted again in 1904 by Assistant District Attorney Garvan. In both cases there was the same rush for cover; in both cases a few public adjusters were captured. But with every letting down of the stone again, their number has only doubled and trebled. They make the condition of which all our "arson trust" revelations are merely so many symptoms. Behind every "arson trust" headline in the last two years there has been a public adjuster—often several.

In the recent sensational revelations of arson in New York, Assistant District Attorney Weller has shown that at the bottom of every case there is a public adjuster. The work of State's Attorney Hoynes and Assistant State's Attorney Johnston has been daily revealing the same condition in Chicago. Prosecuting Attorney Montgomery of South Bend, Ind., has revealed the same thing. And Prosecutor Wright of Bergen County could tell the same story for New Jersey. Other investigations are under way in Fort Wayne, Ind., Louisville, Omaha, and Kansas City. And in every case professional arson is shown to have had the same business manager.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

THE crooked public adjuster is, first, a teacher of arson. I quote from the case of Isador Stein, who in February was given twelve years in Sing Sing for arson in New York. Robert J. Rubin, the public adjuster in his case, had for some time been using him as a tool, but had not paid him.

"He told me I could make a fire for myself," said Stein; "for the flat on 135th Street he told me he had got me a dandy policy—one for \$800."

"The fire wasn't any trouble at all. I took out all my best clothes and put some burned rags in to take their place. Rubin was there to show me how to do it so that we wouldn't lose much, though the fire would look pretty serious."

"Make it a clothes-closet fire this time," he told me. "Your furniture is too good to burn up."

"So I dropped a little benzine in the closet on top of the burned rags and then threw in a match. The engines got there too quick. All my damage was \$3.50. The sideboard was scorched a little, but nothing else but a couple of chairs was smoked."

"It will be all right," he said. "And don't be afraid of anything. Pretend you don't know me. I will arrange the whole business and get the money for you. Put in a few more burned rags—it will make your fire look better."

"We were paid all right without any trouble. They sent for me when they were ready to settle the claim and allowed me \$410 on my \$3.50 loss." I quote again:

"He, 'Doe,' told me there was lots of money in the fire business," says one Louis Gettelson of a Chicago public adjuster now under twenty-one indictments for arson, "and that everybody was getting money from the insurance companies. He showed me the houses that he was settling for and showed me the money, and said that I should get a place somewhere and that he would have a man set fire to it."

"I engaged a rear tenement flat at — West Thirtieth Street and bought \$318 worth of furniture, which I placed inside and took out insurance to the extent of \$1,350. He told me that a man would come for my key at two o'clock [this was the 'touch-off man,' or 'mechanic,' who actually sets the fire], and that after the fire another man [the 'solicitor'] would show me his card; and for me to give him my policy."

TO CRIPPLE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

ALL went well. Four hundred dollars in insurance was paid, of which Gettelson was given about half. He moved to another rear tenement flat at — West Thirtieth Street, and soon decided that he would like to have a second fire.

At first "Doe" objected to the new location: "He says," testified Gettelson, "two or three times I have had a loss there already. I do not think I can use that house." That is, it might be difficult to procure new insurance. However, on furniture for which he had paid \$134 Gettelson obtained a policy for \$1,000. And "in about two weeks 'Doe' had insured the house for \$12,000." How does the public adjuster obtain the insurance? We shall come to that in due course.

Gettelson now had to wait some time till the "touch-off man" completed all his arrangements. (If possible a number of fires will be made the same night, so that the fire department will have less chance of putting out any of them until damage enough has been done for a "total loss.") "You'll have to wait till there is a lot ready," Gettelson was told. . . .

"The man who was to make the fire was to come to the house at six-thirty o'clock in the evening. He did not get there until eight. He asked me to get him a pint of beer. He said he was all tired out, he had had so many jobs. And he said he had four more to do, so he must hurry. . . . Everything was burned up," adds Gettelson; "it was a big fire because the fire department were at another fire."

AN INCOME FROM ARSON

BOTH confessions above are from the sworn affidavits of men awaiting long terms in the penitentiary. Robert J. Rubin, the adjuster mentioned in the first, "arranged from 500 to 750 small tenement fires a year, and had an income from them of about \$12,000." The "John Doe" of the second, until his arrest, kept three automobiles constantly in use, and possessed a cellar full of champagne. But both are considered as alike picayune,



PUBLIC

and almost honorable, compared with many of their competitors in the business.

It is on the adjusting not of household but of mercantile losses that the big profits are made. Henry G. Freeman, the public adjuster last convicted in New York, was making at least \$25,000 a year from "business fires." "They watch the municipal courts," says an insider, "the collection agencies, and other sources of information upon the man in financial straits." If he can be offered the one thing which can avert bankruptcy, that is the public adjuster's opportunity. "An agent," or "fixer," "calls upon the man in trouble, suggests to him where he can obtain more insurance, and winds up by offering to arrange a fire for him. If the man in financial straits has a business friend who has profited by a crooked fire, the latter can generally be persuaded or blackmailed by the crooked adjuster into providing the first introductions.

In one recent Chicago case, the go-between was actually induced to put up the \$200 demanded for preliminary expenses. "He then took S— to the two fire insurance adjusters in La Salle Street, where the arrangements to burn the store were closed." In this case the public adjusters were paid \$300 before the job, and 15 per cent of the amount of insurance collected, which was \$6,500.

During the last three years there have been many Chicago mercantile fires which have yielded the public adjuster from \$2,000 to \$5,000. And when Chicago has had little business to offer, their traveling "solicitors" have in general been able to find them all the business they could handle out of town.

Five of Chicago's eleven public adjusters now under indictment for arson are also under indictment for fires in other cities.

During the last two years Chicago adjusters have arranged fires in Milwaukee, Fort Wayne, South Bend, and Remington, Ind.; St. Joseph, Joplin, Omaha, and Kansas City.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD "TOUCH-OFF MAN"

THE Chicago investigations of the last few months have shown that the most valuable asset to the public adjuster is a good "touch-off man." If he is really capable he will often take charge of everything but the procuring and the collection of the insurance. Sometimes he will pick up bungled jobs and make them right even after the fire.

For example, the proprietors of a clothing store in a suburb of Chicago tried to make a fire for themselves. It was discovered almost at once, and the firemen had it out with practically no damage. It was an hour of need. The clothing merchants telephoned to a firm of public adjusters in The Loop, and their "touch-off man" was sent out at once.

"It was a bum job," he said. "But dig a hole in the back yard and bury the stuff you soaked with kerosene. Then borrow a hose and soak your stock. Water it down. You can collect on that." Wherever possible, after all fires which have been only partial successes, there is such "watering down."

But the "touch-off man" of experience makes a success of his job from the beginning. And during the last few years in Chicago three at least became such adepts, each in his own manner, that after the fire the

insurance men could identify the work. "It's another Fink fire or K— fire, or S— fire," they would say. For one would practically always do a "sprinkled job": he would spray the gasoline so that only the stock would be destroyed. Another made "blow-out," or explosion, fires: sometimes he would use as much as sixty gallons for one explosion. The third used a number of spring-water bottles filled with benzine and gasoline, connected by fuses, and accordingly his explosions would come in a series. By the identification of the work of the "touch-off man," the identity of his employer could also be established, and the insurance people would know which public adjuster would, in all probability, have the settlement of the loss.

Some public adjusters, however, were constantly trying to steal each other's "touch-off men." One finally made sure of his by having him live in the apartment across the hall from him.

STEALING FIRES

FIRES were also "stolen." To "steal" a fire, you wait until a rival public adjuster has the burn-out well under preparation. Then you swoop down upon the owner of the premises, and, under threats of exposure, compel him to turn over its settlement to yourself.

After a particularly terrifying "steal," one big Chicago adjuster, according to report, was able to divide the entire proceeds of the fire between himself and his "touch-off man." However, shortly afterward one of his own fires was stolen in an Indiana city, and another in Chicago itself. The details of the latter affair are interesting:

A large men's furnishing store was to be burned. The rival adjuster had been tipped off; and with his "touch-off man" he lay in wait in a saloon across the street. When the expressman arrived with the gasoline, he misread the address given him and started to carry the bottles into a five-and-ten-cent store next door. Whereupon the lurking adjuster hurried forth, gave him the correct address, and himself helped carry in the "fluid." Then very briefly he informed the store owner that if he would kindly hand over the insurance policies—the public adjuster almost always insists on having them "as security"—he would arrange a fire that would be worth the money. The store owner had to send piteously to public adjuster Number One for his policies. When they had been duly delivered, public adjuster Number Two got his "touch-off man" to work, and the fire was brought off and the insurance collected as per schedule. It is not four months since three Chicago public adjusters all claimed the same fire, and came to blows over it.

THE PARTNERSHIP

I HAVE so far confined the story most largely to Chicago. This is only because, so far, the plowshare of investigation in Chicago has gone deeper and provided the greatest amount of evidence. If in the last seven months eleven public adjusters have been indicted for arson in Chicago and only five in New York, that means nothing.

"I want you to know," says H. H. Glidden, the manager of the Chicago Board of Fire Underwriters, "that things ain't one bit better in Boston, or St. Louis, or New York." Which, in the case of New York, is un-

questionably true. And I have now reached a chapter where the evidence can be provided most largely by New York.

The public adjuster has been protected and kept from public notice in the past, and, wherever possible, he is being protected and kept from public notice now, because for at least ten years he has had as a partner the seller of fire insurance in our great cities, the insurance broker. And he is beginning now to make a partner of the insurance agent of our small towns. With that partner he divides his earnings. In New York insurance slang, this is known as "the divvy." Where the procuring of the insurance for a house or a store or a stock of merchandise may net the broker partner \$15, the burning of that house or store or stock of merchandise will bring him \$150, \$250, \$300!

"Excepting the small losses picked up by nighthawk solicitors—and not excepting all of them"—I quote from a "Losses and Adjustments" report issued by the New York Board of Fire Underwriters on January 19, 1910—"the public adjuster's business comes to him almost wholly through arrangements with certain brokers with whom he divides (for the most part equally) the commissions he receives for the adjustments."

This 1910 report speaks of "certain brokers." In 1913 your difficulty will not be to find a broker who takes these profits on fires, but to find one who does not. There are such, and I have talked to them. But they are few.

I quote from testimony taken during the trial of one George Grütz, a New York insurance broker who in February was convicted of arson:

"You and N—" (the public adjuster in the case who is now awaiting trial for arson) "do business together, do you not?" asked Assistant District Attorney Weller.

"I was not in partnership with him."

Q. "You divide whatever business you give N—"?

A. "Every broker does the same."

Q. "And is that the custom among brokers and adjusters? Is that the general custom?"

A. "Yes, sir; every broker does the same thing."

THE BIGGER THE BROKER, THE BIGGER HIS POCKETS.

BUT Grütz was only a "little" broker. Can this possibly hold true for the big ones? Here is the answer:

"Don't imagine," writes Thrasher Hall, a thoroughly reputable Chicago public adjuster, "that these practices are confined to the small fry. Scratch deep enough and you find the bigger the broker, the bigger his pockets, and the harder they are to fill. Dame Rumor has it that one of the biggest firms of brokers in New York demand and receive from a certain firm of public adjusters 65 per cent of the fee these adjusters charge on business influenced to them by these brokers. So that this itching palm is not inherent with any particular or exclusive set."

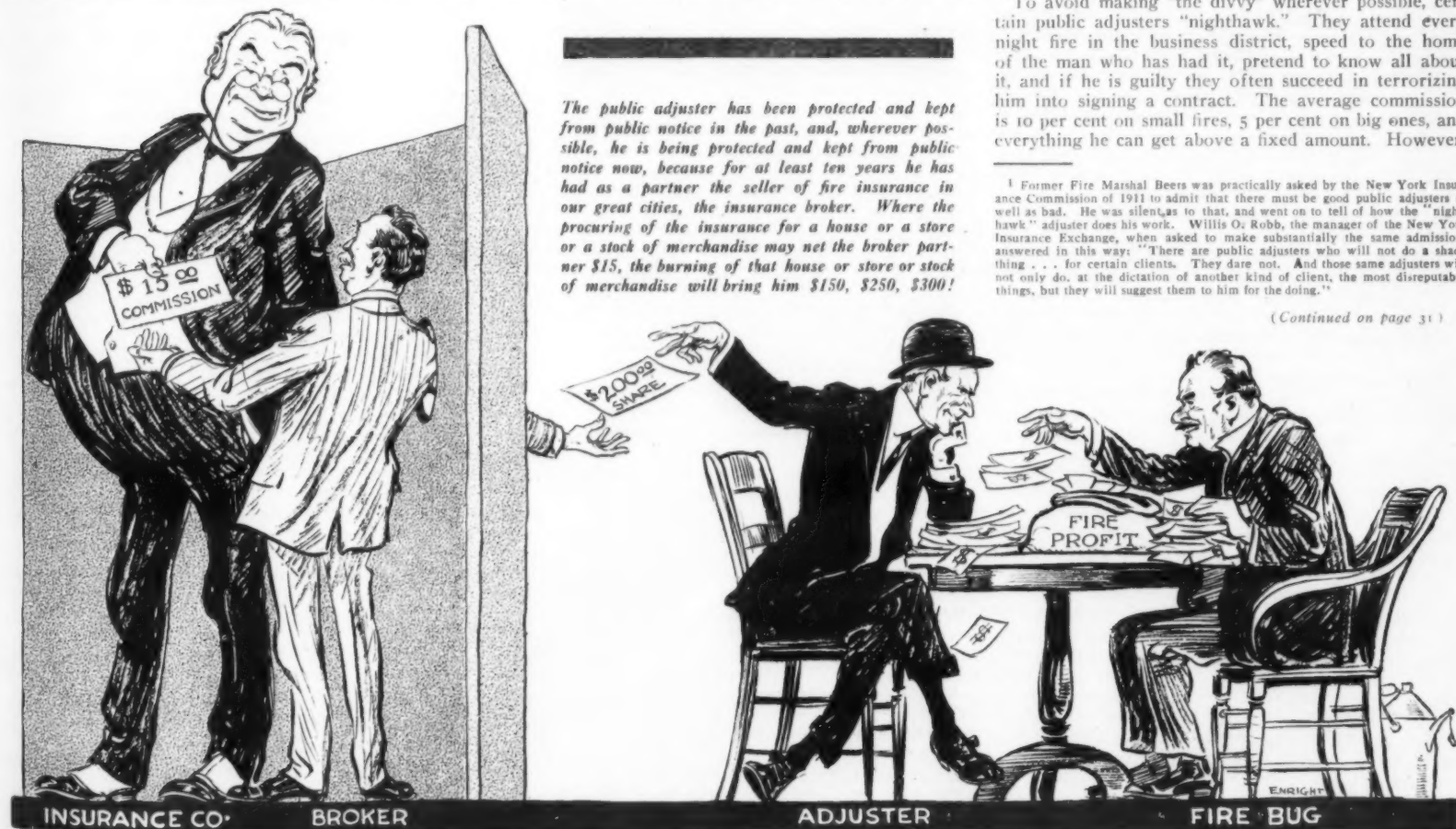
And, further:

"They" (public adjusters) "have been accustomed to being held up by the brokers so long that the graft has with them become a sort of second nature. If one of them should experience the strange feeling of collecting a fee for a loss he had settled, and did not have to cough up half to the broker, it would sure feel like easy money from home."

To avoid making "the divvy" wherever possible, certain public adjusters "nighthawk." They attend every night fire in the business district, speed to the home of the man who has had it, pretend to know all about it, and if he is guilty they often succeed in terrorizing him into signing a contract. The average commission is 10 per cent on small fires, 5 per cent on big ones, and everything he can get above a fixed amount. However,

¹ Former Fire Marshal Beers was practically asked by the New York Insurance Commission of 1911 to admit that there must be good public adjusters as well as bad. He was silent as to that, and went on to tell of how the "nighthawk" adjuster does his work. Willis O. Robb, the manager of the New York Insurance Exchange, when asked to make substantially the same admission, answered in this way: "There are public adjusters who will not do a shady thing . . . for certain clients. They dare not. And those same adjusters will not only do, at the dictation of another kind of client, the most disreputable things, but they will suggest them to him for the doing."

(Continued on page 31)



The public adjuster has been protected and kept from public notice in the past, and, wherever possible, he is being protected and kept from public notice now, because for at least ten years he has had as a partner the seller of fire insurance in our great cities, the insurance broker. Where the procuring of the insurance for a house or a store or a stock of merchandise may net the broker partner \$15, the burning of that house or store or stock of merchandise will bring him \$150, \$250, \$300!

ENRIGHT

The Saving Hope in Cancer

Which will you believe in — ?

"Cancer can be successfully treated by the knife. It can be eradicated permanently, and the patient absolutely cured in the majority of cases where the operation is undertaken in the earliest stages of the disease. There is no chance of recovery except in surgery. The cancer is surely progressive so long as it, or any part of it, remains in the body."—Statement by the Cancer Campaign Committee of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.

"That the knife has been a failure in the treatment of cancer no one will deny, in the light of statistics, which show that nearly ninety-seven out of every one hundred persons who have the cancerous growth removed with the knife, sooner or later die of cancer. . . . I will give one thousand dollars if I fail. . . . Nine thousand cured without knife or pain."—From the lying advertisements of S. R. Chamlee, cancer quack.

—Science? or Quackery?

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

NO OTHER disease is making such formidable inroads upon modern life as cancer. A generation ago it did not figure importantly in the mortality statistics. To-day it is one of the principal causes of death in this country. Almost every State which pretends to maintain the "bookkeeping of humanity," as vital statistics have been aptly termed, gives this scourge place among the major destroyers of life. In Ohio it ranks fifth in fatality among all diseases; in Pennsylvania, sixth; in Maryland, seventh; in New York, fourth; and in Minnesota, third, being exceeded there only by tuberculosis and pneumonia. New York's figures give an indication of its startling increase. In 1880, for every 100,000 of population, there were 33.6 deaths from cancer; in 1912, 85.9; in the decade from 1900 to 1910 the death rate from this disease has jumped 31 per cent. Presumably this same ratio would be approximated in the nation at large. There are no complete figures; but, on the basis of what is known, it is safe to say that not less than 85,000 Americans will die this year of the various forms of malignant tumor, most of them of cancer.

"We Can Save the Life"

WHAT defense has medical science offered to this terrific onslaught? None until the present. Physicians, bacteriologists, laboratory investigators, and field workers have groped in blind hopefulness for a cure. Some day, perhaps, they will find it. Up to now the results may be accurately expressed by the figure zero. Serums have proved useless; acids worse than useless. Concentrated ray treatment has been, in the main, a mere waste of time, radium no more than a palliative in extreme cases, and internal drugging wholly ineffective. Medicine has sought to cure the cancer, and has lamentably failed. Now comes forward surgery, with a new, confident, and provable claim, saying:

"We cannot cure the cancer, but we can save the life." With this as the foreword of their campaign, the Cancer Campaign Committee of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America has entered upon a propaganda of education, designed to save the dreadful and needless waste of life from this scourge by teaching the public these main truths:

Cancer is usually preventable. A large majority of cancer sufferers are curable by prompt and early treatment. The only hope is in surgery; the strong hope is in early surgery. Time is life; delay is death.

Getting the Start of the Disease

SINCE nothing is known of the primal cause of the disease, whether it comes from a germ, or whether it is inexplicably connected with diet, environment, or heredity, it might seem an absurdity to speak with assurance of prevention. But we prevent smallpox effectually by vaccination, although nothing is known of the fundamental nature of the pest. In cancer this much is definitely established: that practically no malignant tumor on the surface of the body develops except from a previous lump or sore which is not in itself malignant. By analogy experts reason that internal cancer develops mainly from sores, lesions, or persistent irritations in the various organs; cancer of the stomach from gastric ulcer; cancer of the breast from small benign tumors or irritation set up by derangements of the structure; cancer of the gall bladder from gallstone abrasions; cancer of the uterus from persistent inflam-

mation, and so on. Proof of the intimate connection between innocent sores and cancer is abundant and conclusive. In India the rough betel nut is carried in the hollow of the cheek. Cancer of the cheek is the commonest form there. Elsewhere it is one of the rarest. Cancer of the groin, at the spot where the swinging "saddle" chafes, is the peculiar ailment of the chimney sweep. A certain tribe of Asia wear charcoal pans upon the abdomen in winter. Among them develops an external cancer of the abdomen, never seen in other people. Clay-pipe smokers are peculiarly liable to cancer of the lips; other smokers to cancer of the tongue. The leading American authority on external cancers writes me:

I have studied over 1,000 cases of cancer of the skin, of the face, of the neck, of the extremities, lips, and tongue. In every instance there has been a previous defect in the skin or mucous membrane, which defect has been recognized by the individual and allowed to remain for weeks, months, or years; even when it showed changes and increased in size, the patients have continued to put off treatment.

In my investigation of cancer of the lips and tongue, burns from smoking and white patches on the lip and tongue, which develop with some excessive smokers, are found to be the most frequent precancerous lesions. I am quite convinced that no man should die of cancer of the lip or tongue if he stops smoking when these white patches appear, and if he has any little sore from a burn excised when it does not heal in two or three weeks.

The Fallacy of Fatalism

I CANNOT find among my own cases, nor in the literature, a case of cancer of the gum about the teeth, except with a definite previous history of decayed teeth. Good dentistry will prevent cancer of the gum. I am also inclined to think that proper treatment of diseases within the nose will prevent cancer here and in the jaw. Treated in the early, precancerous period, 100 per cent of the external cases should get well. Treated in the very beginning of cancer, 80 per cent should get well. Treated when the lymphatic glands are involved, only 20 per cent or less are cured.

Around internal cancer has grown up an almost impenetrable superstition of fatalism. "If it's cancer, it's hopeless." So said the physician of a quarter of a century ago. So says the general public to-day. (Incidentally, they said it of consumption twenty-five years ago; but nobody says it now; and because nobody says it now, tuberculosis is being cured all about us by being taken in time.) Pessimism is the worst enemy which the new educational movement must fight. Hopelessness is the first hydra head to be cut off. We have seen that external cancer is both preventable and susceptible of complete elimination. But externally and internally, cancer (I am speaking now of carcinoma, which is overwhelmingly the commonest form) is precisely the same disease. The malignant tumor outside is less often fatal than the malignant tumor inside, mainly because it is discovered earlier. There it is, patent to the eye, and the surgeon is appealed to before the deadly process of spreading through the lymphatic glands has begun. Inside it is not so soon recognized. The difference is not one of the nature of the disease, but of time.

Taken with equal promptitude, the internal carcinoma, allowing for the greater difficulty of operation, should be treated as successfully as the external.

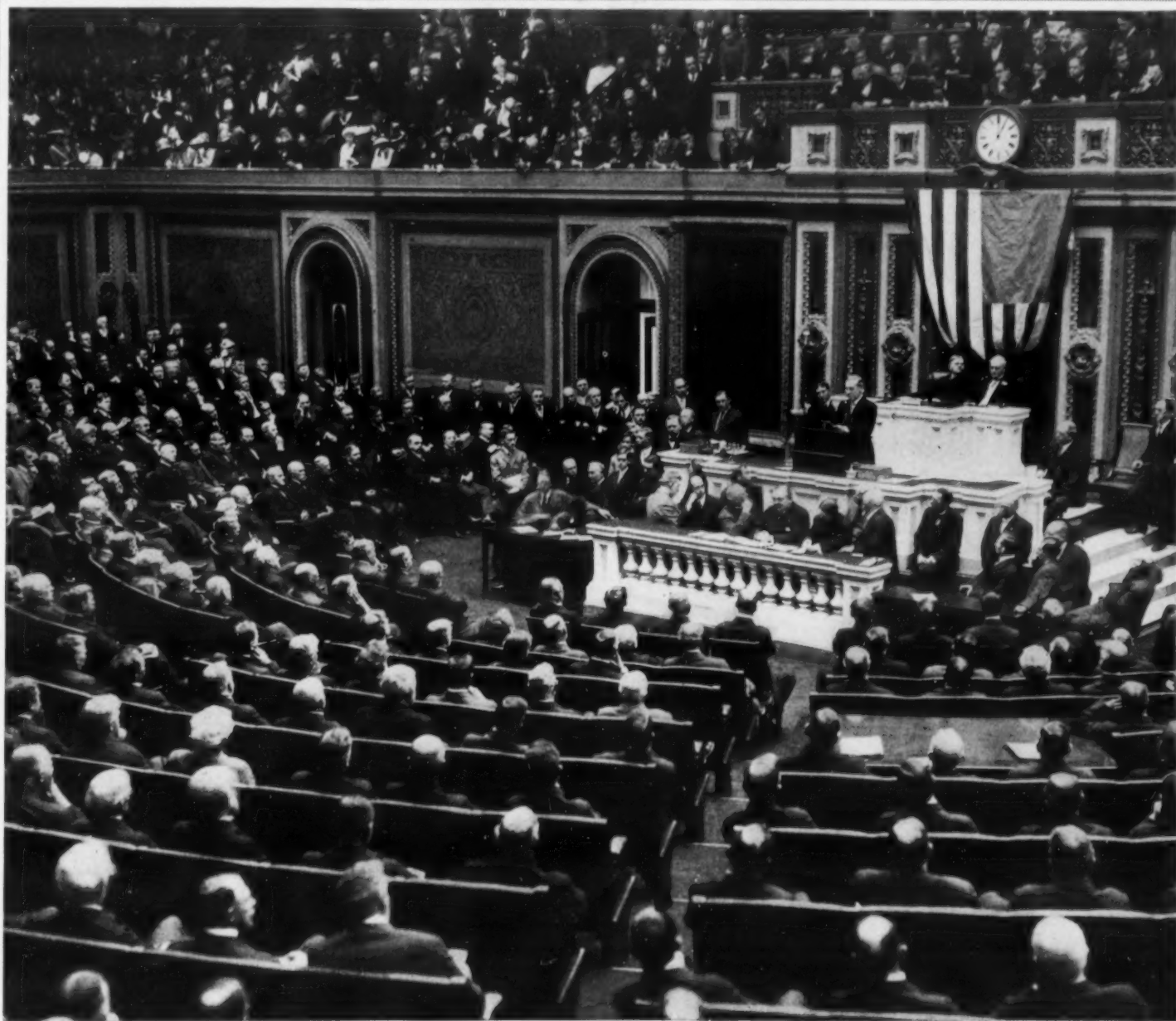
Halting the "Creeping Destruction"

TAKE cancer of the breast, the "creeping destruction" of our grandmothers. Within the memory of the middle-aged this scourge was regarded as sure death. As late as 1890 Dr. Agnew, a great surgeon and a great instructor, told his class at the University of Pennsylvania that he never saved a patient with cancer of the breast. To-day at least 40 per cent of all breast cancers are operated on with permanent success. Where the patient comes to the operating table in the early stages of the ailment, upward of 80 per cent recover and have no return of the growth: that is, the chances are at least four to one in the patient's favor. But the operation must be early, and it must be complete. The whole breast must be excised, and usually the glands of the arm pit. The first operation is the last chance. If the cancer is not totally eradicated it will reappear and surely kill. What is true of cancer of the breast is equally true where the disease attacks other internal organs. Early diagnosis and immediate operation win the day. Carcinoma of the uterus, a very common form, gives certain danger signals, which any woman may learn of from her physician. If the growth is in the body of the uterus, early operation will save at least three-fourths of the cases; if in the neck of the organ, the outlook is less favorable, but still hopeful. Intestinal cancer usually checks the digestive action in the early stages of the growth, and thus imperatively demands surgical treatment before the poison has spread through the lymphatic glands. Not less than 75 per cent of these early "self-diagnosing" cases recover after the operation and live out their normal span of life. Even cancer of the stomach, long regarded as hopelessly inoperable, is now wholly cured in many cases. I have recently been over the figures of a famous hospital which treats more stomach cancer than any other institution in America—figures based on a very conservative estimate and covering a five-year record of cases—and these show that, taking the cases as they come, the desperate chances with the favorable, the operation is permanently successful in more than 25 per cent of instances. Does this seem a small ratio? Remember that only yesterday the average surgeon would have made the estimate read 0 per cent. And, with early diagnosis, that 25 per cent might well be raised to 50 per cent or 60 per cent.

"Taking external and internal manifestations together," says one of the Cancer Campaign Committee's experts, "it is my opinion that in the very early cancerous period the cancer patient has a better chance than the victim of tuberculosis."

Time, the Life Factor

EARLY diagnosis—finding out in time—therein lies all the difference between life and death. In the light of modern surgery, the word "hopeless" is applicable to malignant tumors only in the late stages. And it is due to ignorance or procrastination on the part of the patient if the disease reaches the late stages. For cancer is like the rattlesnake in this—that it almost invariably gives early warning. Once having learned to recognize and heed the signal, the public will have established its best (Continued on page 25)



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A President Again Appears Before Congress

PRESIDENT WILSON'S personal delivery of his message at the opening of Congress was dramatic and had historic significance in more ways than was generally realized. That it was the first time in 113 years for a President to deliver his address in person was obvious and striking. A much smaller number of people realized that it was the first time for a man of Southern birth and sympathies to act as President of the United States since Zachary Taylor. That it was the first time for the Democrats to have control of every branch of the government for twenty years was quite generally commented on; that it was the first time since the Civil War when the South has been in complete control of the Government was not so widely known. Finally it was the first occasion for fifty years when there was a third party in the House, fully organized and formally recognized by the other two parties.

President Wilson's appearance was dramatic, but the general effect was one of very cold ceremoniousness. The reason for this lies in the fact that Congress realizes fully just what President Wilson's departure signifies. Congress and the Senate both know that it means a diminution of their prestige; President Wilson realizes the wish of the people of the United States to visualize their Govern-

ment at Washington, to fix responsibility on some one man—and he proposes to be that man. In the past it has been some one who arose to power in the House or Senate and dictated terms to the occupant of the White House.

President Wilson proposes that he himself shall be the Cannon and Aldrich of his Administration. Congress resents this, just as they resented Mr. Roosevelt's swinging of the big stick and formally protested against it. They resent what President Wilson is doing and will resist it just as far as they have courage, just as far as they think they can go without incurring the disapprobation of the public. In the present feeling of the public for President Wilson, this isn't very far and Congress knows it. President Wilson took grave and uncalled-for risks to his prestige and dignity. His act is one of those things which is magnificent if you succeed, but humiliating if you fail. And there is no way of knowing in advance which it will be.

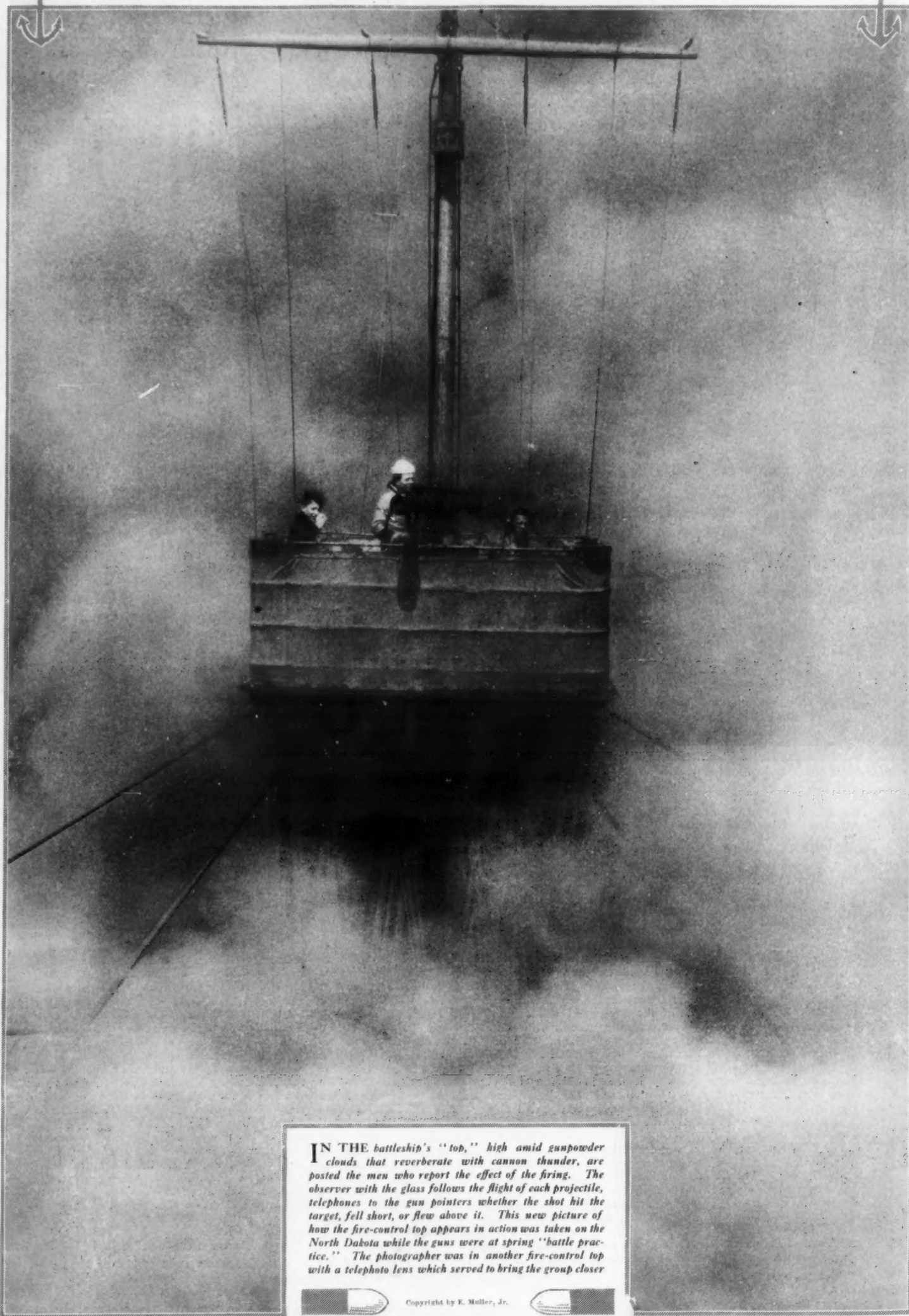
It was the first occasion when the Lower House of Congress was so large in numbers as to make necessary the elimination of desks and the substitution of mere benches (the present Lower House contains 435 men: 44 more than ever before). Some observers find in this a presage of closer attention to the

debates on the part of individual members and therefore more satisfactory legislation. What is more probable is an early recognition that 435 is much too large a body under a constitution which permits no function to be delegated. The spectacle of 435 men spending a hundred thousand dollars' worth of time debating whether a doorkeeper shall receive nine hundred or a thousand dollars a year is likely to lead to a demand for constitutional changes in the direction of elasticity and efficiency. For sixty-one years, from 1804 until 1865, no change was made in the Constitution of the United States. Then the convulsion of civil war made several necessary; they were completed by 1870. Then, for forty-two years, no other change was made. During the past year two changes have been adopted; these two are the beginning of a period of constitutional revision which will last for several years.

Out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships in the House, twenty-eight are held by Southerners. In the Senate the chairman of the Finance Committee is from North Carolina. Practically all the other important committee chairmanships have fallen to the same section. The President, five members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court are Southerners.

MARK SULLIVAN.

In the Fire-Control Top



IN THE battleship's "top," high amid gunpowder clouds that reverberate with cannon thunder, are posted the men who report the effect of the firing. The observer with the glass follows the flight of each projectile, telephones to the gun pointers whether the shot hit the target, fell short, or flew above it. This new picture of how the fire-control top appears in action was taken on the North Dakota while the guns were at spring "battle practice." The photographer was in another fire-control top with a telephoto lens which served to bring the group closer

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The Atlantic Fleet at Battle Practice

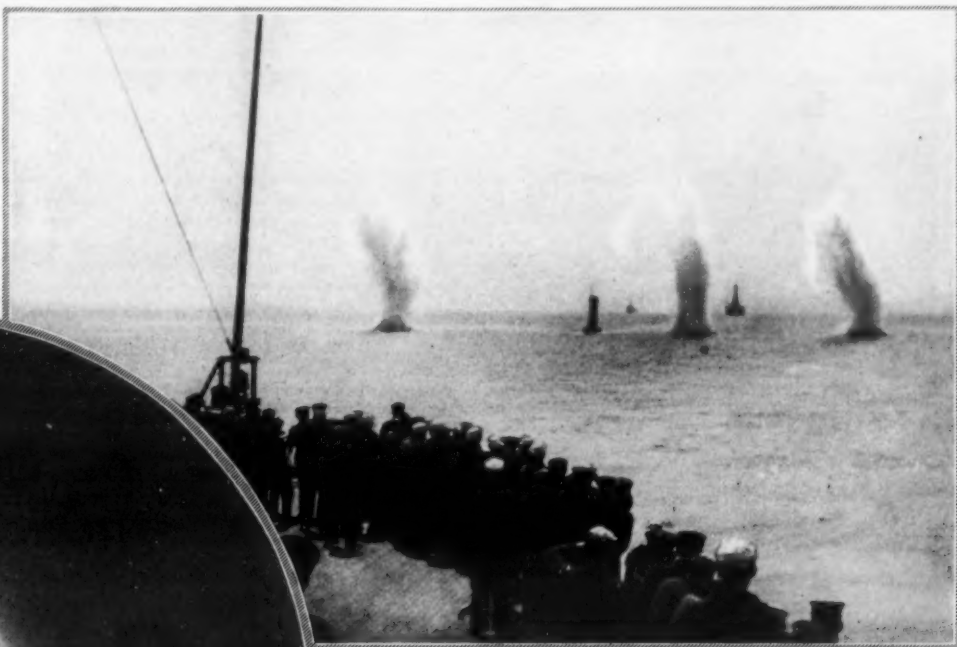


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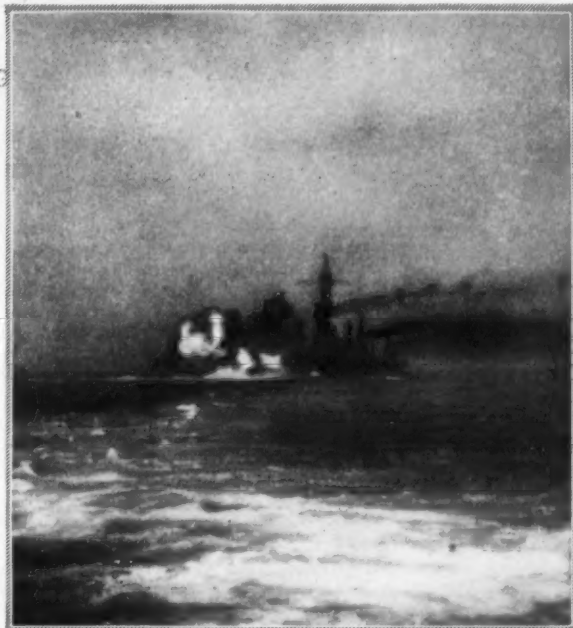
MANEUVERS to repel an attack of torpedo boats at night and night target practice with large guns were unusual features of the spring battle practice of the Atlantic fleet, held this month in the waters off Cape Henry. The targets were illuminated with searchlights, and the *Idaho*, firing 8 and 12 inch guns, shot as accurately as in daylight. The *Idaho*, though not one

of the largest ships nor of late design, proved herself trophy ship for efficiency and marksmanship. In the practice sixteen battleships participated, with the *Wyoming* as flagship.

Josephus Daniels, the new Secretary of the Navy, several other members of the Cabinet, and Miss Eleanor Wilson were among the visitors at the evolutions.

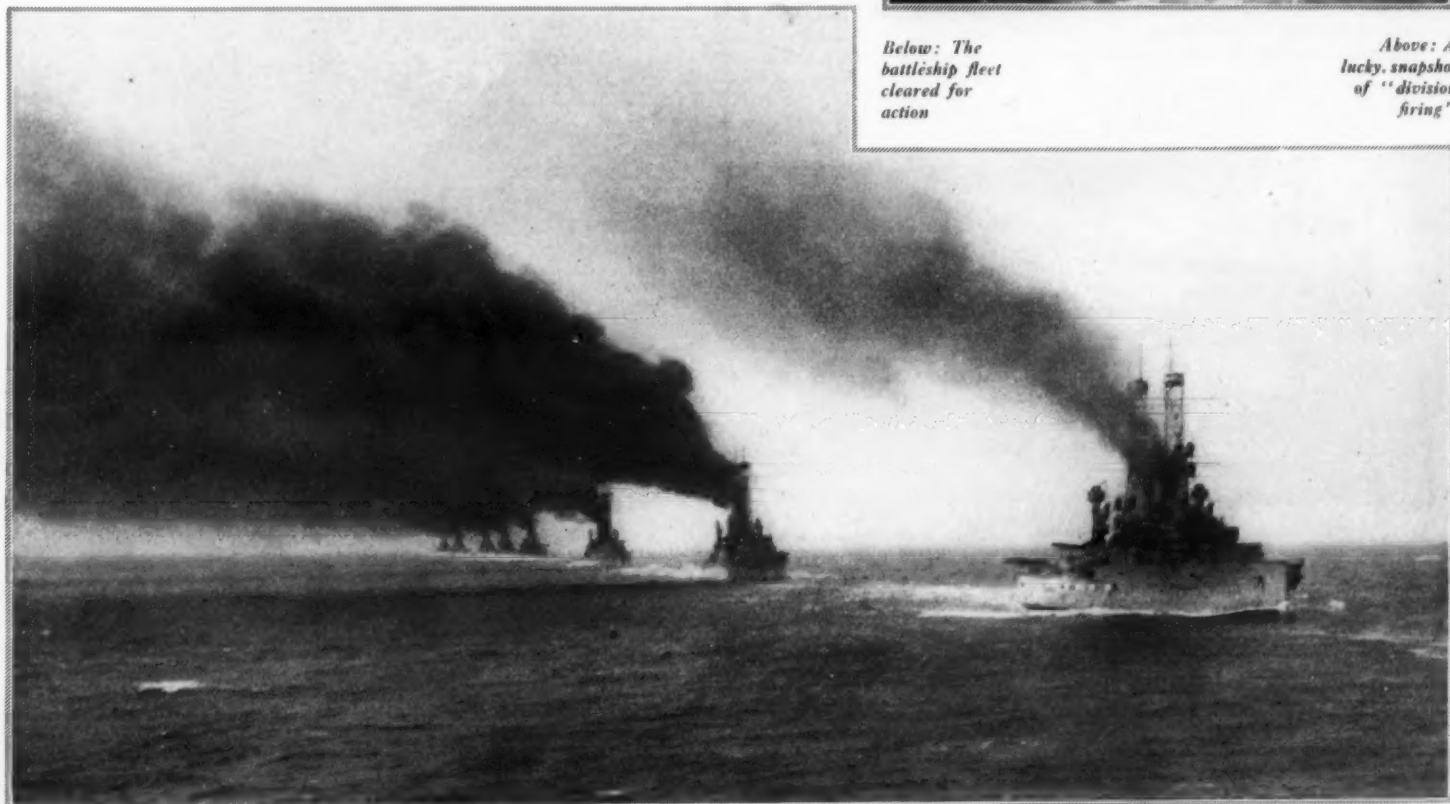


These shots, fired by the *Idaho* from a distance of more than a mile, splashed close to the target and were counted as hits



Below: The battleship fleet cleared for action

Above: A lucky snapshot of "division firing"





"Babylon in All Its Desolation"

A general view of the excavations at Babylon. On the walls in the foreground are reliefs of the bull, the holy animal of Nebo, and the dragon of the god Marduk. By the account of Herodotus, Babylon was a walled city with an area of 196 square miles. He described it as a square surrounded by a moat and by a wall 56 miles long, 200 feet high, and 93 feet wide, pierced by 100 entrances with gates of heavy brass.

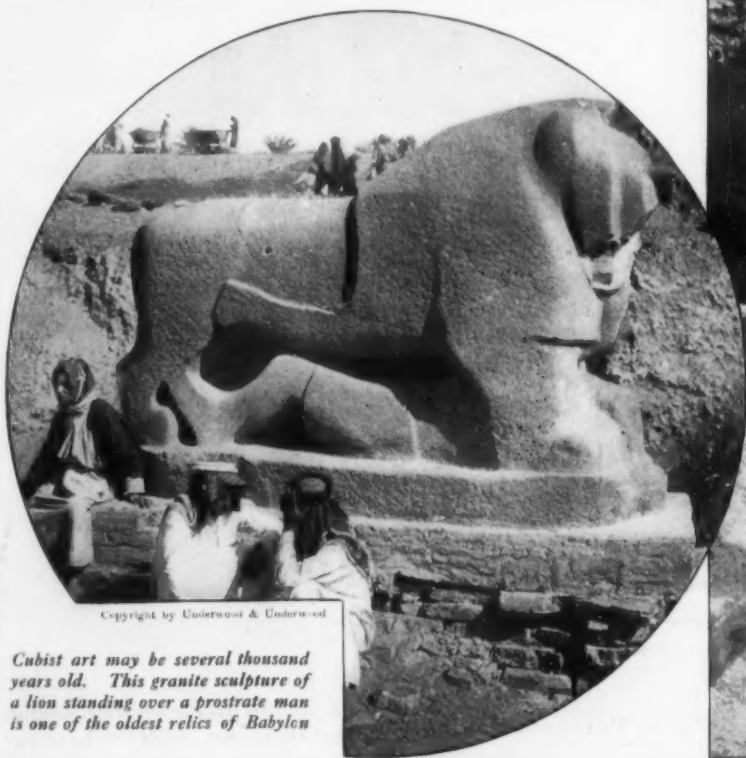


In these round-roofed tombs of the Assyrians the bones of the dead are still preserved although twenty-five hundred years have elapsed.

An Ancient City That Tried to Build a Skyscraper

TO one who has seen an energetic steam shovel loading earth on a flat car, the methods of the scientists who are excavating the ruins of Babylon seem distractingly deliberate. The work progresses by small spadefuls, and the load transported is a bushel or two of dust in a sack on a donkey's back. But by this slow and careful method Babylon is emerging with no unnecessary scars;

and the twentieth century will be granted the best of opportunities to compare its cities with a metropolis of antiquity. A reminder that even the "skyscraper" is an idea many centuries old is in the news that the Temple of Esagila is found to be connected with what are supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel. And some ancient sculpture recently unearthed suggests Cubist tendencies.



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Cubist art may be several thousand years old. This granite sculpture of a lion standing over a prostrate man is one of the oldest relics of Babylon.



The passageway between these recently unearthed walls connects the Temple of Esagila with what are supposed to be the ruins of the Tower of Babel.

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THE most important aspect of affairs at Washington is the pulling and hauling among the Democratic Members and Senators who, in their hearts, do not like tariff revision, to try to make up their minds whether or not they dare resist Woodrow Wilson and oppose the tariff bill. Next to this, the most important influence beneath the surface is the effort of high-tariff beneficiaries and local communities to intimidate Members and Senators into opposing revision, for the benefit of local industries.

One Case

SENATOR HENRY F. ASHURST of Arizona, like many other Senators, as soon as the new tariff bill was made public, received a deluge of telegrams from constituents and organizations in his State asking him, although a Democrat, to oppose the tariff bill; and some newspapers went so far as to state that Senator Ashurst would join the sugar Senators and oppose the bill. The Arizona Senator's answer consisted of a letter to some constituents, from which the following extracts are taken:

In asking me to oppose any reduction in the tariff on beef, mutton, cattle, sheep, raw wool, woolen goods, and leather goods you surely must have been under the impression that I was a standpat Republican instead of a progressive Democrat. The Democratic party is committed, so far as faith and honor can bind men, to reduce the tariff on the necessities of life; and I could not take the action you request me to take unless I turned traitor to every principle I have been advocating. . . . Every person in the world is a free trader after he gets his own interests protected. The cattlemen want cattle, meats, and hides protected, but want to buy everything else as cheaply as possible. The woolgrowers want wool protected, but naturally desire to purchase everything else as cheaply as they may. The pineapple growers want everything on the free list but pineapples; the sewing-machine manufacturer wants sewing machines protected and everything else on the free list, and so on down the line.

I am always glad to please my friends in Arizona, but I cannot do what you ask. *I shall not vote to permit one set of men to make money improperly at the expense of the whole public.* No legitimate business should require a gift, bounty, or largess from the Government. If the Democratic party, after the promises it has made to the people to reduce the tariff, should then begin to equivocate, it would be the end—and ought to be the end—of the Democratic party.

With kindest personal regards,

Yours, cordially, HENRY F. ASHURST.

In addition, Senator Ashurst, on the opening day of the session, arose in the Senate and made his position clear:

The time has come when a public man must give up his personal interests and the interests of a few men of his own particular State for the larger good and general good of all the people.

The other day some gentlemen urged me to oppose a reduction of the tariff on sugar. My reply was that I am concerned with seeing to it that the 300,000 sugar consumers in the State of Arizona shall have consideration above the few men raising sugar beets in Arizona.

Pretty near all that is to be said about the present situation at Washington is contained in Senator Ashurst's statements. There are 338 Democratic Senators and Members, and it is safe to say that not more than twenty of them are completely free

By MARK SULLIVAN

from the kind-of pressure here displayed. Unhappily, the number who have met this situation with courage and directness is negligible; the number is large who are holding little conferences, private or semi-public, and putting out feelers to see whether rebellion would be safe. And yet



High Time to Reduce Them

From the Atlanta "Journal"

the universal experience is that those prosperous best who are straightforward and bold, and defy that small portion of their constituencies which makes most of the noise.

Two Points of View

WHEN Senator Ashurst stated without qualification on the first day of the session that he would vote in favor of the tariff bill, Senator William J. Stone of Missouri rose and, as an elder statesman, rebuked him in these words:

Mr. STONE—Mr. President, I wish in a word to say that, in my opinion, the exploitation of individual views on the tariff question might well be delayed for a while. This is a great question we are confronting, and for the manner of dealing with it the Democratic party is responsible. I think we could very well await with patience a time when this whole question is brought before the Senate in some form that will challenge our serious consideration.

Thereupon Senator Ashurst made a reply which was brief and courteous, but ended with these words:

I am bound to say that I am a very accurate umpire as to time, place, and manner in which I should exploit my individual views.

Senator Ashurst came first best out of this collision. He practiced candor. Senator Stone is one of those old-time politicians who think it utterly wrong to put all your

Questions About the Tariff

Collier's maintains an office at Washington which will be glad to answer questions about the tariff. The service is entirely without charge. Address

Collier's Washington Bureau
Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

cards face up on the table. If everybody did like Senator Ashurst, how could there be any jockeying and bargaining and exacting of concessions later on?

The Pressure from Behind

THE most striking example of the pressure upon the Democratic Members and Senators to play the party traitor (as Gorman and Smith did to the destruction of the party twenty years ago) is to be found in a newspaper with a great name:

President Wilson is not a true Democrat of the Jeffersonian type, but a radical heavily tainted with Socialism.

Now try to guess what particular metropolitan newspaper in the United States is most likely to have printed that sentence. It was thought that the worst things that newspapers were likely to say about President Wilson had been uttered by the New York papers at the time Wilson made the two speeches in New York and Chicago which so irritated Wall Street. But the newspaper which printed the sentence quoted is the "Daily Picayune" of New Orleans. It occurred in the course of an editorial which was entitled:

"Fight to the Last Ditch."

And the occasion of it is explained in these further quotations:

The attempt he is making to browbeat members of Congress, and to so revise the tariff as to ruin not only sugar but other important American industries, is certain to react strongly against his program.

And here comes the direct incitement to party treason:

The Senators and Representatives of Louisiana are in duty bound to consult primarily, and at all times the vital interests of their own constituents rather than their fealty or obligation to any party or faction. *The prosperity and well being of the great State of Louisiana should be placed high above loyalty to the Democratic Party.*

A man was defeated for the Presidency thirty years ago largely because he said "the tariff is a local issue." How many communities and newspapers throughout the country are willing to be stimulated by the organized campaign which the "Picayune" proposes?

Now, that it has been determined to fight to the last ditch any effort to put sugar on the free list or materially cut the sugar tariff, the people of this State, who depend on the sugar industry, should flood every section of the country with personal appeals to the manufacturers of sugar machinery, the sellers of supplies, chemicals, agricultural implements, and the many other things that the sugar industry buys.

As it happens, it is pretty common knowledge that President Wilson suggested only two changes in the tariff bill as the Ways and Means Committee prepared it. One of these changes was described by Chairman Underwood in these words:

The President felt that it would be fairer to all concerned that these sugar growers be allowed three years in which to liquidate; they have much paper in the banks; they have suffered from two bad crops, and to put sugar on the free list to-day would damage them greatly. By giving them three years in which to liquidate we will give them time to get their houses in order.

The lesson of this whole episode would seem to be that there isn't much use in being kind to a hog.

Kâramanèh

By

SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll



VI of the Fu-Manchu Stories

"THE net is closing in," said Nayland Smith. "Let us hope upon a big catch," I replied with a laugh.

Beyond where the Thames tided slumberously seaward showed the roofs of Royal Windsor, the castle towers dancing in the autumn haze. The peace of beautiful Thames side was about us.

This was one of the few tangible clues upon which thus far we had chanced; but at last it seemed indeed that we were narrowing the resources of that enemy of the white race who was writing his name over England in characters of blood. To capture Dr. Fu-Manchu we did not hope; but at least there was every promise of destroying one of the enemy's strongholds.

We had circled upon the map a tract of country cut by the Thames, with Windsor for its center. Within that circle was a house used by the most highly organized group in the history of criminology. So much we knew. Even if we found the house, and this was likely enough, to find it vacated by Fu-Manchu and his mysterious servants we were prepared. But it would be a base, destroyed.

WE WERE working upon a methodical plan, and although our cooperators were invisible, these numbered no fewer than twelve—all of them experienced men. Thus far we had drawn blank, but the place for which Smith and I were making now came clearly into view: an old mansion situated in extensive walled grounds. Leaving the river behind us, we turned sharply to the right along a lane flanked by a high wall. On an open patch of ground as we passed I noted a gypsy caravan. An old woman was seated on the steps, her wrinkled face bent, her chin resting in the palm of her hand.

I scarcely glanced at her, but pressed on, nor did I notice that my friend no longer was beside me. I was all anxiety to come to some point from whence I might obtain a view of the house; all anxiety to know if this was the abode of our mysterious enemy—the place where he worked, amid his weird company, where he bred his deadly scorpions and his *bacilli*, reared his poisonous fungi, from whence he dispatched his murder ministers. Above all, perhaps, I wondered if this would prove to be the hiding place of the beautiful slave girl who was such a potent factor in the doctor's plans, but a two-edged sword which, yet, we hoped to turn upon Fu-Manchu. Even in the hands of a master a woman's beauty is a dangerous weapon.

A cry rang out behind me. I turned quickly. And a singular sight met my gaze.

Nayland Smith was engaged in a furious struggle with the old gypsy woman! His long arms clasped about her, he was roughly dragging her out into the roadway, she fighting like a wild thing—silently, fiercely.

Smith often surprised me, but at that sight frankly I thought that he was become bereft of reason. I ran back; and I had almost reached the scene of this incredible contest, and Smith now was evidently hard put to it to hold his own, when a man, swarthy, with big rings in his ears, leaped from the caravan.

ONE quick glance he threw in our direction, and made off toward the river.

Smith twisted round upon me, never releasing his hold of the woman.

"After him, Petrie!" he cried. "After him! Don't let him escape. He's a dacoit!"

My brain in a confused whirl; my mind yet disposed to a belief that my friend had lost his senses, the word "dacoit" was sufficient.

I started down the road after the fleetly running man. Never once did he glance behind him, so that he evi-

dently had occasion to fear pursuit. The dusty road rang beneath my flying footsteps. That sense of fantasy which claimed me often enough in those days of our struggle with the titanic genius, whose victory meant the victory of the yellow race over the white, now had me fast in its grip again. I was an actor in one of those dream scenes of the grim Fu-Manchu drama.

Out over the grass and down to the river's brink ran the gypsy, who was no gypsy, but one of that far more sinister brotherhood, the dacoits. I was close upon his heels. But I was not prepared for him to leap in among the rushes at the margin of the stream; and seeing him do this I pulled up quickly. Straight into the water he plunged; and I saw that he held some object in his hand. He waded out; he dived; and as I gained the bank and looked to right and left he had vanished completely. Only ever-widening rings showed where he had been.

I had him!

For directly he rose to the surface he would be visible from either bank, and with the police whistle which I carried I could if necessary summon one of the men in hiding across the stream. I waited. A wild fowl floated serenely past, untroubled by this strange invasion of his precincts. A full minute I waited. From the lane behind me came Smith's voice:

"Don't let him escape, Petrie!"

Never lifting my eyes from the water, I waved my hand reassuringly. But still the dacoit did not rise. I searched the surface in all directions as far as my eyes could reach; but no swimmer showed above it. Then it was that I concluded he had dived too deeply, become entangled in the weeds and was drowned. With a final glance to right and left and some feeling of awe at this sudden tragedy—this grim going out of a life at glorious noonday—I turned away. Smith had the woman securely; but I had not taken five steps toward him when a faint splash behind warned me. Instinctively I ducked. From whence that saving instinct arose I cannot surmise, but to it I owed my life. For as I rapidly lowered my head, something hummed past me—something that glittered in the sunlight, that flew out over the grass bank, and fell with a metallic jangle upon the dusty roadside. A knife!

I TURNED and bounded back to the river's brink. I heard a faint cry behind me, which could only have come from the gypsy woman. Nothing disturbed the calm surface of the water. The reach was lonely of rowers. Out by the farther bank a girl was poling a punt along, and her white-clad figure was the only living thing that moved upon the river within the range of the most expert knife thrower.

To say that I was nonplussed is to say less than the truth; I was amazed. That it was the dacoit who had showed me this murderous attention I could not doubt. But where in Heaven's name was he? He could not humanly have remained below water for so long; yet he certainly was not above, was not upon the surface, concealed among the reeds, nor hidden upon the bank!

There in the bright sunshine a consciousness of the eerie possessed me. It was with an uncomfortable feeling that my phantom foe might be aiming a second knife at my back that I turned away and hastened toward Smith. My fearful expectations were not realized, and I picked up the little weapon which had so narrowly missed me and with it in my hand rejoined my friend.

He was standing with one arm closely clasped about the apparently exhausted woman, and her dark eyes were fixed upon him with an extraordinary expression. "What does it mean, Smith?" I began.

But he interrupted me.

"Where is the dacoit?" he demanded rapidly.

"Since he seemingly possesses the attributes of a fish," I replied, "I cannot pretend to say."

The gypsy woman lifted her eyes to mine and laughed. Her laughter was musical, not that of such an old hag as Smith held captive; it was familiar, too.

I started and looked closely into the wizened face.

"He's tricked you," said Smith, an angry note in his voice. "What is that you have in your hand?"

I SHOWED him the knife and told him how it had come into my possession.

"I know," he rapped. "I saw it. He was in the water not three yards from where you stood! You must have seen him. Was there nothing visible?"

"Nothing."

The woman laughed again—and again I wondered.

"A wild fowl," I added. "Nothing else."

"A wild fowl!" snapped Smith. "If you will consult your recollections of the habits of wild fowl you will see that this particular specimen was *rara avis*! It's an old trick, Petrie, but a good one; for it is used in decoying. A dacoit's head was concealed in that fowl! It's useless. He has certainly made good his escape by now."

"Smith," I said, somewhat crestfallen, "why are you detaining this gypsy woman?"

"Gypsy woman?" he laughed, hugging her tightly as she made an impatient movement. "Use your eyes, old man!"

He jerked the frowsy wig from her head—and beneath was a cloud of disordered hair that shimmered in the sunlight.

"A wet sponge will do the rest!" he said.

Into my eyes, widely opened in wonder, looked the dark eyes of the captive; and beneath all the disfiguring disguise I picked out the charming features of the slave girl! There were tears on the artificially whitened lashes; and she was submissive now.

"This time," said my friend hardly, "we have fairly captured her—and we will hold her!"

From somewhere upstream came a faint call.

"The dacoit!"

Nayland Smith's lean body straightened—he stood alert, strung up.

Another call answered—and a third responded. Then followed the flatly shrill note of a police whistle—and I noted a column of black vapor rising beyond the wall, mounting straight to heaven as the smoke of a welcome offering.

The surrounded mansion was in flames!

"Curse it!" rapped Smith. "So this time we were right! But, of course, he has had ample opportunity to remove his effects; I knew that. The man's daring is incredible. He has given himself till the very last moment—and we blundered upon two of the outposts!"

"I lost one!"

"No matter. We have the other. I expect no further arrests, and the house will have been so well fired by the doctor's servants that nothing can save it. I fear its ashes will afford us no clue, Petrie; but we have secured a lever which should serve to disturb Fu-Manchu's world!"

He glanced at the queer figure that hung submissively in his arms. She looked up proudly.

"You need not hold me so tight," she said, in her soft voice. "I will come with you."

OF THE many curious scenes in that race drama wherein Nayland Smith and Dr. Fu-Manchu played the leading parts, I remember none more bizarre than the one at my rooms that afternoon.

Without delay, and without taking the Scotland Yard men into our confidence, we had hurried our prisoner back to London; for my friend's authority was supreme. A strange trio we were, and one which excited no little comment; but the journey came to an end at last. Now we were in my unpretentious sitting room—the room wherein Smith first had unfolded to me the story of Dr. Fu-Manchu and of the great secret society which sought to upset the balance of the world to place Europe and America beneath the scepter of Cathay.

I SAT with my elbows upon the writing table, my chin in my hands; Smith restlessly paced the floor, relighting his blackened briar a dozen times in as many minutes. In the big armchair the pseudogypsy was curled up. A brief toilet had converted the wizened old woman's face into that of a fascinatingly pretty girl. Wildly picturesque she looked in her ragged Romany garb. She held a cigarette in her fingers and watched us through lowered lashes.

Seemingly, with true Oriental fatalism, she was quite reconciled to her fate; and ever and anon she would bestow upon me a glance from her beautiful eyes which few men, I say with confidence, could have sustained unmoved. Though I could not be blind to the emotions of that passionate Eastern soul, yet I strove not to think of them. Accomplice of an archmurderer she might be; but she was dangerously lovely.

"That man who was with you," said Smith, suddenly turning upon her, "was in Burma up till quite recently. He murdered a fisherman thirty miles above Prome only a month before I left. The D. S. P. had placed a thousand rupees on his head. Am I right?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Suppose—what then?" she asked.

"Suppose I handed you over to the police?" suggested Smith. But he spoke without conviction, for in the recent past we both had owed our lives to this girl.

"As you please," she replied. "The police would learn nothing from me."

"You do not belong to the Far East," my friend said abruptly. "You may have Eastern blood in your veins, but you are no kin of Fu-Manchu."

awkwardly. "No harm shall come to you. Why will you not trust us?"

She raised her brilliant eyes.

"Of what avail has your protection been to some of those others," she said—"those others whom he has sought for?"

Alas! it had been of none, and I knew it well. I thought I grasped the drift of her words.

"You mean that if you speak, Fu-Manchu will find a way of killing you?"

"Of killing me!" she flashed scornfully. "Do I seem one to fear for myself?"

"Then what do you fear?" I asked in surprise.

She looked at me oddly.

"When I was seized and sold for a slave," she answered slowly, "my sister was taken too, and my brother—a child."

She spoke the word with a tender intonation, and her slight accent rendered it the more soft. "My sister died in the desert. My brother lived.

Better—far better—that he had died too."

Her words impressed me intensely.

"Of what are you speaking?"

I questioned.

"You speak of slave raids, of



His voice quivered with excitement. "The game's up, Fu-Manchu. Find something to tie him up with, Petrie."

the desert. Where did these things take place? Of what country are you?"

"Does it matter?" she questioned in return. "Of what country am I? A slave has no country, no name."

"No name!" I cried.

"You may call me Karamanéh," she said. "As Karamanéh I was sold to Dr. Fu-Manchu, and my brother also he purchased. We were cheap at the price he paid!" she laughed shortly, wildly. "But he has spent a lot of money to educate me! My brother is all that is left to me in the world to love, and he is in the power of Dr. Fu-Manchu. You understand? It is upon him the blow will fall! You ask me to fight against Fu-Manchu! You talk of protection. Did your protection save Sir Crichton Davey?"

I shook my head sadly.

"SHOOL understand, now, why I cannot disobey my master's orders? Why, if I would, I dare not betray him?"

I walked to the window and looked out. How could I answer her arguments? What could I say? I heard the rustle of her ragged skirts, and she who called her-

self Karamanéh stood beside me. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "He will kill him! He will kill him!"

Her voice shook with emotion.

"He cannot revenge himself upon your brother, when you are in no way to blame," I said angrily. "We arrested you; you are not here of your own free will."

She drew her breath sharply, clutching at my arm, and in her eyes I could read that she was forcing her mind to some arduous decision.

"Listen." She was speaking rapidly, nervously. "If I help you to take Dr. Fu-Manchu—tell you where he is to be found, alone—will you promise me, solemnly promise me, that you will immediately go to the place where I shall guide you and release my brother; that you will let us both go free?"

"I will," I said without hesitation. "You may rest assured of it."

"But there is a condition," she added.

"What is it?"

"When I have told you where to capture him you must release me!"

I hesitated. Smith often had accused me of weakness where this girl was concerned. What now was my plain duty? That she would utterly decline to speak under any circumstances unless it suited her to do so, I felt assured. If she spoke the truth, in her proposed bargain there was no personal element; her conduct I now viewed in a new light. Humanity, I thought, dictated that I accept her proposal—policy also.

"I agree," I said, and looked into her eyes, which were aflame now with emotion—an excitement perhaps of anticipation, perhaps of fear.

She laid her hands upon my shoulders.

"You will be careful?" she said pleadingly.

"For your sake," I replied, "I shall."

"Not for my sake."

"Then for your brother's."

"No." Her voice had sunk to a whisper. "For your own."

A COOL breeze met us, blowing from the lower reaches of the Thames. Far behind us twinkled the dim lights of Low's Cottages, the last regular habitations abutting upon the marshes. Between us and the cottages stretched half a mile of lush land through which at this season there were, however, numerous dry paths. Before us the flats again, a dull monotonous expanse beneath the moon, with the promise of the cool breeze from the river flowing around the bend ahead. It was very quiet. Only the sound of our footsteps, as Nayland Smith and I tramped steadily toward our goal, broke the stillness of that lonely place.

Not once, but many times within the last twenty minutes, I had thought that we were ill advised to adventure alone upon the capture of the formidable Chinese doctor; but we were following out our compact with Karamanéh; and one of her stipulations had been that the police must not be acquainted with her share in the matter.

A light came into view, far ahead of us.

"That's the light, Petrie," said Smith. "If we keep that straight before us, according to our information, we shall strike the hulk."

I grasped the revolver in my pocket, and the presence of the little weapon was curiously reassuring. I have endeavored, perhaps in extenuation of my own fears, to explain how about Dr. Fu-Manchu there rested an atmosphere of horror, peculiar, unique. He was not as other men. The dread that he inspired in all with whom he came in contact, the terrors which he controlled and hurled at whomsoever cumbered his path, rendered him an object supremely sinister. I despair of conveying to those who may read this account any but the coldest conception of the man's evil power.

SMITH stopped suddenly and grasped my arm. We stood listening.

"What?" I asked.

"You heard nothing?"

I shook my head.

Smith was peering back over the marshes in his oddly alert way. He turned to me, and his tanned face wore a peculiar expression.

"You don't think it's a trap?" he jerked. "We are trusting her blindly."

Strange it may seem, but something within me rose in arms against the innuendo.

"I don't," I said shortly.

He nodded. We pressed on.

Ten minutes' steady tramping brought us within sight of the Thames. Smith and I both had noticed how Fu-Manchu's activities

(Continued on page 35)

The Master of the Mound

THE Cubs-White Sox series for the championship of Chicago had just been finished, and for the second time in two years one man, almost alone and unaided in the box, had dismantled and whipped the Cub machine.

At a gathering which followed shortly afterward, Owner Comiskey of the White Sox arose and called for this toast: "Gentlemen—To Ed Walsh, the greatest pitcher that ever lived."

That same week the colors of the New York Giants had drooped before the victorious rush of the Boston Red Sox. In commenting upon his defeat, Manager McGraw of New York had this to say: "My main regret is that Boston, in such a way, through a flaw in his support beat Christy Mathewson, the greatest pitcher that ever threw a ball."

Two days before this series ended, Clark Griffith, Washington's manager, while sitting in the press box, turned to us with this remark: "Walter Johnson on either team would have won this series inside of five games. He's the greatest pitcher that the game has ever known."

SO, within the period of a week, we had three men hailed and acclaimed by their sponsors as "the greatest pitcher of the game—the King of the Slab."

Ed Walsh of the Chicago Americans, Christy Mathewson of the New York Nationals, Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans—Mathewson, Johnson, and Walsh—the Three Musketeers who have started more arguments than all the tariff laws and graft upheavals ever staged.

"The greatest pitcher that ever lived" means quite a lot. In fact, it means more than any opinion can ever cover, for the conditions under which Radbourne, Sweeney, Clarkson, and the rest of the old guard worked were widely different from those which rule the game to-day.

There is difficulty enough in sparring with this argument as it pertains to the modern régime without traveling for trouble across a trail now dim in the past where there could be no direct basis for comparison.

So, by "greatest pitcher," we refer only to the more or less modern game, beginning, we'll say, with Rusie, the vanished, to Bedient, the rising, star.

And between Rusie and Bedient we see no reason why we should waste any undue amount of space upon outside choices.

Rusie himself might qualify. So might Rube Waddell. The physical greatness of these two is not to be disputed. But in the last blend of all-around greatness—the greatness of brain as well as brawn, of moral fiber as well as physical force—neither of these could be considered with those who come to the final round for an award.

There was Kid Nichols, Jack Chesbro, Sam Leever, Cy Young, and, later on, Miner Brown. None of these was less than great. And in the last few years there rises Napoleon Rucker of Brooklyn, Coombs, Bender, and Plank, Alexander, Russell Ford, Vean Gregg, Claude Hendrix—in fact, a ranking parade of stars who have pitched their way into the great white spotlight of the game.

In one season Joe Wood broke from the ranks into one of the pitching wonders—and upon one year's form no man can place him second in the field.

But with the list strung out before you, counting the full period of service, the balloting at last settles upon three names, and it is with these three names that we go to the mat for the final count.

Leading up to no secret, the answer is simple—Mathewson, Johnson, and Walsh. They stand alone. Their heads are above the crowd—three pitching ideals who embrace all things, in some part at least, which go to make up greatness.

All three are wonderful physical specimens—above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, clean-sinewed, finely ranged specimens of athletic manhood.

All three have brains, courage, endurance, and skill. All three, tireless across the

Walter Johnson of the Washington Senators



Johnson, Walsh, and Mathewson—and the Greatest of These—Well, Here's the Evidence

By

GRANTLAND RICE

monotonous grind of average play, are at their best when the final test is put up to each sharply, and where the issue of battle rests with their arm, head, and heart.

IS ED WALSH of the Chicago White Sox the greatest of the three, "the greatest of them all"?

His proprietor, Charles Comiskey, makes the claim without qualification.

(The floor to Mr. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox team and one of the game's greatest in his day.)

"I appreciate," says the Old Roman, "the worth of Mathewson and Johnson. They are truly wonderful pitchers. But neither is an Ed Walsh, who is, I believe, the greatest pitcher that the game has ever known."

Walsh has everything which Mathewson and Johnson have with the ability to work oftener and still retain his skill and effectiveness. Neither Mathewson nor Johnson could do the work which Walsh does through a season and maintain the remarkable average of pitching which he shows. There have been other pitchers as good for one game—or for a certain part of the race. But in combining both quantity and quality—the final test—Walsh must be given the plum.

"Take, for one example, the last campaign—the season of 1912. Walsh worked through more games and a greater number of innings than any other pitcher of the game. For weeks he held my club up in the race, out in front of the field when I had a young club and one not to be compared at that stage with such teams as Boston and Philadelphia. Yet, after all this season of work—an almost impossible amount, in place of finishing fagged and worn down, it was Walsh again who stepped in and worked over half the number of innings played against the Cubs in the longest series on record—and it was Walsh who for a second year beat down their attack and won the Chicago championship. Walsh certainly had no better team behind him than Mathewson had. Not as strong, in fact. Yet where the Cubs could stop Mathewson they were helpless before Walsh—as helpless as Boston, Philadelphia, or any other club in the world would have been before his speed and curves.

"Why, in 1908, when we came within one game of winning the championship of our league, Walsh worked in sixty-seven games and carried us into the fight when without him we would never have finished fourth.

"Everyone knows his value through the grind of the season where he works like a truck horse. But he is even greater at the last big test. In 1906 he was a big factor in our defeat of the Cubs who had just won 116 games in the National League, beating all records. In 1911 and 1912, after two seasons of abnormally hard work, he was still able to step forth and handle with ease one of the greatest machines of the game.

"Ed Walsh has speed, curves, and control; he has a world of courage; he has a fine pitching head upon his shoulders; he has the physique to stand more than any other man I ever saw; and, above all, he has the willingness for work and the love of battle which finds him more than eager to rush into any breach and do far more than his share of the work. There is only one Ed Walsh—and he has no equal."

MR. COMISKEY'S appeal in behalf of Walsh sounds plausible. It is certainly heartfelt.

But before awarding the laurel, it might be just as well to hear from John J. McGraw, leader of the New York Giants, who has seen twenty-four years' service upon the field as player or manager.

"I have a world of respect," says McGraw, "for any opinion Comiskey may have. I know Walsh must be a wonderful pitcher. I know Walter Johnson is a marvel. But neither Walsh nor Johnson is a Mathewson. The title of 'The game's greatest pitcher' can belong to but one man—and that man is Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants—a pitcher who was a wonder as a young recruit thirteen years ago—a pitcher who as a veteran after thirteen years' service pitched the most wonderful ball I have ever seen against odds no man could beat with a team in rout behind him; a pitcher who was great in victory, but even greater in defeat; a pitcher who failed to win even one of three world's series starts and yet came through at the end as the hero of the series.



Christy Mathewson of the New York Giants

"I have no word to say against either Walsh or Johnson. They are above any criticism any man could make. Both are smart ball players—great, game fighters. But their chief bid to pitching greatness lies in their physical make-up—Johnson with his wonderful speed, and Walsh with his wonderful endurance. No one will dispute the fact that these two qualifications have helped most to make them great.

"But Mathewson is something more. Mathewson, in his prime, had all the speed that any pitcher needs. No man had a more baffling curve or break than his fade-away. But these were not things that assisted most in the making of Mathewson's greatness. I refer to two things now—first, to the finest and keenest pitching brain I have ever known; second, to the coolest, most calculating nerve that ever stood the fire of a contest and held steady the brain which directed the movements of his arm.

"A wonderful nerve directing a wonderful brain directing in turn a wonderful arm—and there you have Christy Mathewson in the greatest years of his career. And with all this there was never a more willing worker—never a man who responded more eagerly when called upon to double his share of the work.

"In the campaign of 1908 which 'Commy' refers to where Walsh pitched sixty-seven games—his hardest season—Mathewson was not far behind him even in physical toil. Walsh that year worked in sixty-seven games. He won forty and lost fifteen. His pitching percentage was .727. Mathewson that same season worked in fifty-six games. He won thirty-seven and lost eleven. His pitching percentage was .771.

"There is no pitching angle at which Mathewson wasn't great. He was almost as much of a truck horse for work as Walsh. He had everything, and with it all the greatest control ever known by man. In his prime—and he is still a great pitcher—Mathewson was unbeatable with equal support. Only take up his work against the Athletics in the world's series championship of 1905. He met Mack's slugging team three times in six days and concluded the twenty-seven innings without even a chance for a run. Three straight shut-outs was his record. Seven years later, driven to the last limit every season—a veteran of thirteen campaigns, he goes against the hard-hitting Boston club, and in three games, backed up by the most miserable support ever given a man in such a series, one run is earned from his pitching where eleven are scored.

"Mathewson has now worked in nine world's series games. And in that number exactly six runs have been earned from him—I mean six runs that could be charged to his work; six runs in nine games, an average of less than one to the contest.

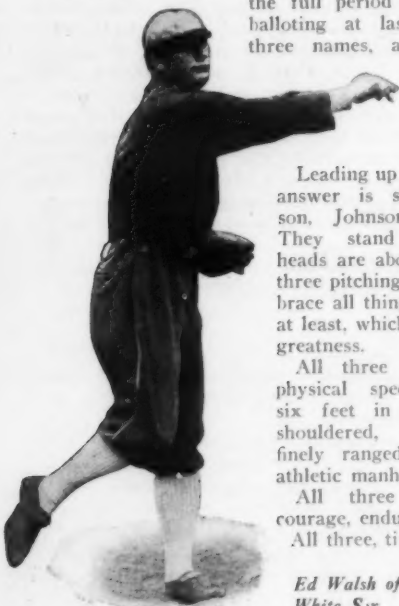
"No man that ever pitched has studied the strength and weakness of rival batsmen as Mathewson has done—has kept track of this knowledge, and through perfect judgment and perfect control has made the brain do more than the arm. Walsh and Johnson, who are both smart pitchers and brainy players, rely upon the power and might of their arms. Mathewson's arm is a slave to his brain, and where even an exceptional pitcher would long since have passed, Mathewson's brain and nerve have held him up as one of the stars of the box after many years of the hardest sort of service."

AFTER Comiskey and McGraw have concluded with Walsh and Mathewson, there seems to be but little left to say in behalf of another entry. But Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington American League Club, not only has quite a lot to say, but he believes every word he has to utter upon the subject which involves the name of Walter Johnson. Griffith, one of the wisest of all pitchers in his day, yields to no man in his admiration of Mathewson and Walsh. He believes they have only one superior, but no man can tell him that either is the pitcher Walter Johnson is.

"I know," says Griffith, "what 'Commy' thinks of Walsh and what McGraw thinks of Mathewson. Walsh is a wonder for work, and Mathewson is the brainiest pitcher I ever saw. But I have a good reason for believing that, all-around, Johnson is greater than either—greater than any pitcher that ever lived. The reason is a simple one—place all three of these men upon teams of equal strength in the same league, worked to their limit, and Johnson would end the season with more victories and fewer defeats than either. He is a harder man to beat than any other man, all other conditions being equal, and this is the final test.

"Johnson has yet to be sent at top speed over the full route as Walsh and Mathewson have. This is so

Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox



for the reason that up to 1912 he was working for a seventh-place club where it would have been worse than foolish to risk wrecking his arm. Yet in 1911, when Washington finished seventh, he won eleven straight games where other good pitchers were finding it hard to win two straight.

"In 1912, when we had a chance, I worked Johnson in his turn to save him up for the stretch in case we were close enough to make a desperate fight for it. He came to me and told me he wanted to work every other day in case I needed him to win. But we were too far back in September to run this risk. Yet throughout the year there was not a game where I sent Johnson out to win—and impressed the necessity of winning upon him—that he didn't come through for me and deliver.

"I sent him against Walsh several times, and it is my recollection that he beat Ed every start but one. Joe Wood beat him twice by shutting us out. Wood had an older, steadier club to work with, and where Joe was pitching his head off, Johnson was working at an average pace.

"No man living ever had Johnson's speed. I have seen most of the good ones in my day. Rusie, as fast as he was, was not his equal in this respect. Neither was Waddell. Neither was any other man that ever threw a ball. But don't make the mistake of thinking that Johnson has nothing but this rifle-ball speed. He has the head and the heart to go with it. He knows where to pitch, and why to pitch, and how to pitch. He has a curve ball that breaks like a flash—and control to meet any situation.

"Last season he won sixteen straight games for us. At the end of this run he was taken sick and dropped the next four. He was in no condition to work—hardly able, in fact, to stand up in the box. But I let him take the chance because he wanted to. As it was he won thirty-two games for me, and if you will examine the official records and the details of the year you will find that fewer runs were earned from Johnson than any other pitcher in the game. The average was something under two—less than that shown by either Walsh or Mathewson—and omitting those games in which he worked as a sick man the average earned was hardly a run to each nine-inning contest.

"Back in 1908, when Johnson was but little better than a recruit, he came to New York for a three-game series. Washington had no other pitcher in shape.

On Friday Johnson shut New York out. On Saturday he came back and scored another shut-out. On Monday, with no one else to work, he started again, and for the third straight game not a run was scored against him. Three shut-outs in three straight games with but one day's rest show well enough just what Johnson's caliber is.

"Working for a club out of the race, he has never had the chance Mathewson and Walsh have drawn. Take Mathewson at his greatest year, Walsh at his greatest year, and neither could be called the equal of Johnson when it comes to ability to win, or to the inability of other teams to make hits and get runs. Johnson, pitted against Walsh on fairly even terms last year, beat him at every start and without effort. I believe he could do the same to Mathewson, or to any other. Sent out to bring in victory, the task of earning a run from his pitching is almost an impossible one. I am confident that if I sent Johnson over the route as Walsh and Mathewson have been sent, with a winning club behind him, he could win forty-five out of fifty games, or fifty-four out of sixty. I believe confidently that Johnson could easily win fifty games for me if I kept him at full speed all the way, and was willing to run this risk. And Chesbro now holds the modern record of wins for a season with forty-three.

"I have still one argument to make in Johnson's behalf. Ask any ball player that ever faced all three—as the Boston Red Sox and the Philadelphia Athletics have done—ask any of these which of the three is hardest to hit. The answer will be Johnson. Ask any umpire who has worked behind all three in big games, as Evans, O'Loughlin, and others have done, who has more stuff than any pitcher in the world. There won't even be a moment's hesitation. They'll tell you that Johnson stands alone—that he has no equal, and that Walsh and Mathewson, as great as they are, haven't the stuff to compete with this young giant from the West, who I know is beyond all argument the last word in pitching, who is harder to hit than any pitcher that ever threw a ball."

THE three eminent attorneys having closed for the three eminently renowned plaintiffs, there is little left but the judge's charge to the jury of a million fans.

What must be the last test as the foundation for the height of pitching greatness?

Ability to win—brilliance, genius, potential worth—or the record of achievement as it stands?

The high spots in the record of each member of the trio might be summed up as follows:

Walsh won two city championships, almost alone in the box, against an admittedly better ball club in other respects; was a big factor in winning a world's championship for his team; worked one season in sixty-seven games, won forty, lost fifteen, and saved nine others; was therefore responsible for forty-nine victories, or half the number won by his team through the year; has worked a greater number of innings than any other pitcher in the game through the same space of toil; held his club out in front of the field through five weeks of 1912 by working every other day until the strain began to cut in upon his worth.

MATHEWSON has been a great pitcher for thirteen years; as a youngster, two years in the big league, beat the championship Pittsburgh team of 1903 all seven games pitched against them; shut out the Athletics in the world's series of 1905 all three games; won a city championship for the Giants in 1910 without help, being responsible for every victory achieved in the series; has averaged forty games a year for thirteen years—and has rescued many more; out of over 450 games has won .680 per cent of his starts; beat Bender and the Athletics in the first game of the 1911 world's series, and had them shut out in the next until Baker hit a home run; held the hard-hitting Boston Red Sox to two earned runs in three games with his team in rout behind him; one of these runs was due to a fielding mixup and not to a clean hit; has had the best control of any pitcher that ever lived, and has used a wider variety of pitching.

Walter Johnson shut out New York three games in four days, working the entire series with only a Sunday's rest; struck out 313 men while pitching for a second-division club in 1910; won eleven straight games with a club that finished seventh in 1911; won sixteen straight games in 1912; has beaten Walsh in two-thirds of his starts against the White Sox star; has averaged fewer earned runs scored against him than any pitcher in the game for a four-year average; has had a four-year average of 150 percentage points above his club's; has the best five-year record ever made by a member of a team averaging less than 50 per cent of victorious games. (Concluded on page 25)

Memories of the Players

By WILLIAM WINTER

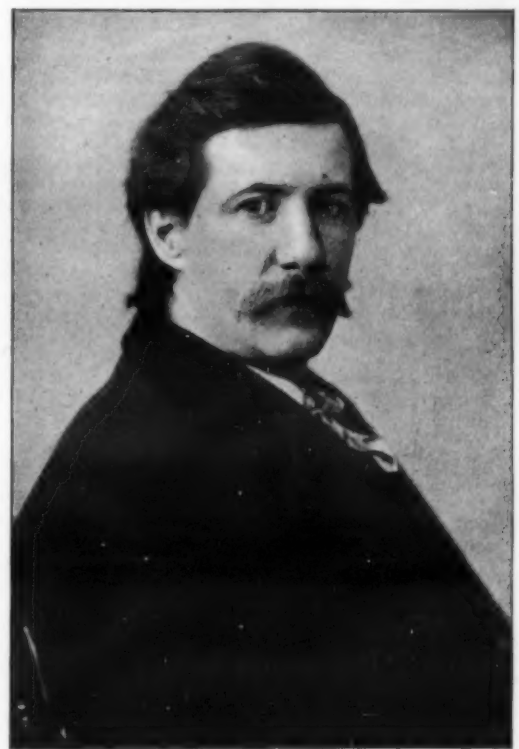
"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."

V.—Augustin Daly

*Informed by instinct and by worldly sense,
He made a wise reserve his sure defense;
Looked where the rising star of Promise shone,
Prescribed his path, and trod that path alone;
Walked calmly on, the way he wished to go;
Swerved not to please a friend or 'scape a foe;
To Art devoted all that Fortune gave,
And for himself gained—Honor, and a grave.*

whom I was well acquainted, Daly and I were made known to each other more than fifty years ago. We had tastes and ambitions in common; we were working in a kindred field; we soon became friendly, and, except for one period of personal estrangement, we lived on terms of cordial friendship to the day of his death.

The criticisms of plays and actors, then and later, written by Daly were notable for direct, explicit, piquant statement of opinion, often condemnatory. At one time, and for several years prior to 1869, he simultaneously wrote theatrical articles not only for the "Courier," but for the "Sun," the "Evening Express," the "Daily Times," and the "Citizen." One prominent characteristic of his criticism was its spontaneous, unaffected, complete disregard of established reputations. It showed itself to be the testimony of an observer who did not admire specific actors merely because it had been customary to admire them, but who simply described what he saw, and stated the impressions which the spectacle had produced. There was no deference to established convention. There was no waste of words. The mind of the writer was radical and straightforward. That characteristic of Daly's theatrical criticism afterward conspicuously appeared in Daly's theatrical management. The writing of criticism, however, became with him only incidental to the more serious vocation of writing plays and of establishing himself as a theatrical manager. Before 1869 several of his dramas—notably "Under the Gaslight," "A Flash of Lightning," and "Leah, the Forsaken," the latter freely adapted from the German—had been successfully produced, and



Daly about the time he opened Daly's Theatre (1879)

in that year he severed his relations with the press and embarked in the business of management, which, except for one brief interval, he never relinquished till his death, thirty years later.

DALY'S AUDACITY

AT THE time when Daly took that bold step the leading theatre in New York was Wallack's. Booth's Theatre had been open only six months. There were only about twelve other considerable theatres in the city.

The name of Wallack had been associated with the New York stage for sixty-one years, James W. Wallack, the elder, having first appeared here in 1818, and having become manager of the National Theatre, in Church Street, in 1837, and of Wallack's Theatre, near the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome



AUGUSTIN DALY, though not a player, possessed the player's dramatic instinct in an unusual degree; his life was passed in close association with the players; his name and influence are inseparably linked with the story of the American theatre, and it seems appropriate that I should close

this series of vagrant recollections with a reminiscence of that remarkable man—a lifelong friend of mine, a person of exceedingly complex nature, and, in point of reticence and tenacity of purpose, combined with a sensitive temperament and a disposition originally of rare amiability, altogether exceptional.

Men of high ideals are often disparaged as "impractical"—as "dreamers" or "visionaries." Daly, who certainly was a man of high ideals, recognizing every duty imposed by his profession, also knew every detail of business involved in the pursuit of it. No emergency could daunt him; no obstacle presented itself which he did not instantly meet and overcome. His courage was indomitable.

He was continuously impelled by a lofty purpose, and in his complete control and intellectual use as well of the practical machinery of his vocation as of its literary and artistic implements, he made many contemporary managers completely insignificant. Most of his survivors in the theatrical field continue in that state—the number of real theatrical managers in America to-day being small. A few years ago Daniel Frohman (who has since abandoned the field of drama to venture in that of the moving picture), talking to me in Los Angeles, where we chanced to meet, indicated in one expressive sentence the difference between Daly and most of his competitors. "Augustin Daly," he said, "was a theatrical manager; the rest of us merely manage some theatres."

MANAGER, DRAMATIST, CRITIC

DALY was not only a manager; he was an exceptionally able dramatist, a biographer, a writer of fiction, and a dramatic critic. When I first saw him he was a journalist, associated with a New York weekly paper, long ago extinct, called the "Sunday Courier," to which he contributed stories and for which he also wrote notices of the acted drama in New York. He was a rapid worker, deeply interested in the theatre, bright, practical, and exceptionally industrious. The owner and editor of the "Courier" was Charles Frederick Briggs (a sprightly writer who used the pen names of "Harry Franco" and "Ferdinand Mendoza Pinto," and who figures in Poe's caustic "Literati"), and by Briggs, with

Street, in 1852, subsequently, 1861, moving uptown, to Thirteenth Street. That manager, a superb actor and long conspicuously a favorite in New York society, dying in 1864, was succeeded by his son, Lester Wallack, with whom no one successfully disputed preeminence in the managerial field till Daly opened the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The enterprise of that young dramatist affected many observers at first much as the audacity of the unknown Ivanhoe affected the populace when that knight rode into the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche and struck, in mortal defiance, the shield of the redoubtable Templar. It seemed to such observers absolutely incredible that any person should expect to compete with the splendid comedy company maintained by Wallack. Daly was esteemed a man of talent, but of his capability as a theatrical manager no evidence had been provided, and no person foresaw the brilliant achievements by which his career was to be distinguished. He did not, however, leave the community long in doubt of his ability to manage a theatre.

In the first of his playbills the young manager stated with singular felicity the purpose with which he was opening his theatre. "This theatre," he said, "is opened for the production of whatever is novel, original, entertaining, and unobjectionable, and the revival of whatever is rare and worthy in legitimate drama." A right plan of theatrical management could not have been better or more tersely designated. The theatre was in Twenty-fourth Street. The first performance, that of Robertson's "Play," was given on August 16, 1869. Twenty-five plays were performed in the course of the first season, three of them being Shakespeare's.

The first Fifth Avenue, under Daly's management, lasted until January 1, 1873, when it accidentally caught fire after a performance of "False Shame" by Frank Marshall had ended, and within a few hours it was consumed. Three weeks later, January 21, the second Fifth Avenue Theatre was opened by Daly, at 728 Broadway, in a stone building which had originally been a church, and there he conducted his business till June 23, meanwhile leasing and rehabilitating the St. James, in Twenty-eighth Street, which—as the third Fifth Avenue—he opened on December 3, 1873, and managed till September 15, 1877. Coincident with that labor he directed the Grand Opera House for three seasons, 1872-75. An interregnum of nearly two years began in 1877, during which at first he led his company on a tour, and later lived abroad as a looker-on in London and other European capitals. On September 17, 1879, he opened Daly's Theatre at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and there he maintained his managerial leadership to the last. He made several professional visits to Europe, presenting his company in London and other British cities, and in France and Germany. In 1891 he began the building of Daly's Theatre in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, London, and on June 27, 1893, he opened that house with a performance of "Twelfth Night," Ada Rehan giving her beautiful impersonation of Viola.

He died suddenly in Paris, France, June 7, 1899. His body was brought home and entombed at Calvary Cemetery, Long Island.

THE ROSTER OF GENIUS

AT THE beginning of his career as a theatrical manager Daly was financially backed by his father-in-law, John Duff, and also he was advised and assisted by an experienced and able actor, Daniel H. Harkins, who held the post of stage manager. One of the expedients of enterprise to which he early resorted was the engagement of many notable or auspicious players—many more, in fact, than he really needed or could use—his purpose being to concentrate and intensify public interest in his theatre. By this means he assembled a dramatic company that was not only exceptionally numerous but of extraordinary variety and talent. Names that once were bright in local renown have grown dim in the deepening haze of many years, but to persons who are even superficially acquainted with the history of our stage the facts will possess a certain significance, that at nearly one and the same time Daly's dramatic forces included Edward L. Davenport, John Brougham, John Gilbert, Charles Fechter, John K. Mortimer, Charles Wheatleigh, William Pleater Davidge, Charles Fisher, James Lewis, W. J. Le Moine, Stuart Robson, Charles F. Coghlan, George L. Fox, Daniel H. Harkins, Louis James, John Drew, George Clarke, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Fanny Morant, Henrietta Chanfrau, and Catherine Lewis; that Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edward A. Sothorn, Charles Mathews,

Fanny Janauschek, and Adelaide Neilson acted under his management; and that among the players whose talents were developed and whose reputations were obtained under his tuition and guidance were Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Ella Dietz, Linda Dietz, Sara Jewett, Emly Rigl, and—most important of all—Ada Rehan.

A GROUP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THAT entertaining old recorder, Thomas Davies, gossiping about the players of the Restoration, says that "the stage never perhaps produced four such handsome women at once as Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bowman," and he mentions that "when they stood together in the last scene of 'The Old Bachelor,' the audience was struck with so fine a group of beauty, and broke into loud applause." That sort of spectacle was often seen on Daly's stage. Agnes Ethel's loveliness was of a peculiarly sweet,



This photograph, reproduced for its reminiscent value, shows Mr. Daly reading a play to his company. Ada Rehan is seated on the floor, leaning against Mrs. Gilbert, to whose left are James Lewis and John Drew, and at whose right is Charles Fisher. In the rear are William Gilbert, George Clarke, and Otis Skinner. Included in the group to the right are Charles Le Clercq (behind Daly), Joseph Holland (leaning forward), white haired prompter John Moore, Percy Haswell, and Isabel Irving

insinuating, enticing character. She actually was a woman of uncommonly strong will and vital energy, but her apparent fragility was such that she seemed to be a sylph. Fanny Davenport was a voluptuous beauty, radiant with youth and health, taut and trim of figure, having regular features, a fair complexion, golden hair, sparkling hazel eyes, and a voice as naturally musical and cheery as the fresh, incessant rippling flow of a summer brook.

THE MAGICAL CHARM OF CLARA MORRIS

CLARA MORRIS possessed the magical charm of distinction, a fine person, an expressive face, a deeply sympathetic voice, and a pervasive strangeness of individuality, which, while it made her unique among her associate players, fascinated the attention of her auditors. With exceptional talent for the expression of pathos, that singular being was endowed with a keen sense and capability of humor. I have not met her equal among women—excepting Mrs. John Wood—in the felicitous telling of a comic story. As an actress she "would drown the stage with tears." Sara Jewett was like a rose in her luxuriant, youthful bloom, and like a lily in her suggestiveness of innocence, purity, an ingenuous mind, and a kind heart. No such group of beauties as Daly assembled had before been seen on our stage, nor has any such group been seen since.

With almost every one of the players whose names I have mentioned it was my fortune to possess a personal acquaintance, in some cases intimate, and I am admonished of the flight of time when I reflect that most of them have passed away. Their merit in acting and their many brilliant achievements are as fresh in my memory as though they were things of yesterday, but the eyes are closed that once glowed with the fires of genius, and the voices that once made music are silent forever. Merry old George Holland, whose abounding humor neither poverty, sickness, nor the infirmity of age could quench; formal, kindly, dignified, scholarlike John Gilbert, the noblest of noble "old men"; John Brougham, the gay, buoyant, sparkling Irish gentleman, from whose presence care fled dismayed, and who carried happiness with him wherever he went; Davenport, frank, simple, manly, the most versatile of American actors, the best Macbeth and the best Mercutio of his time; Charles Fisher, whose breadth of impersonative faculty was prodigious, and who is remembered as one of the most unselfish and unpretentious of human beings—they all are gone—they, and many, many more—into the world of shadows, into the Great Unknown.

There are able, interesting, worthy actors on the stage to-day, but the present generation nowhere sees such an actor as John Gilbert in such characters as Sir Peter, Sir Anthony, Sir Robert Bramble, Lord Ogleby, Jesse Rural, and Old Dornton. It seems but a little while, yet it is more than thirty-four years, since, at a Lotos Club dinner to Gilbert, after I had spoken in his honor and celebrated his career, he left his seat at the table, came down the long, brilliantly lighted room, and, grasping both my hands, exclaimed in deep emotion: "I never had such a tribute; I never knew till now how important to others I might be!" He was indeed a great comedian; to him his art was a religion.

I remember speaking with Davenport immediately after he had amazed and thrilled his audience by the wonderful performance that he gave, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1870, of Sir Giles Overreach—that terrific ideal of ruthless, malignant selfishness and exultant evil. He spoke with enthusiasm about the im-

personation of the part by the elder Booth, with whom in early life he had acted as Wilford, and intimated that his Sir Giles had been based on that of the old tragedian. "I never played the part so well as to-night," he said, "and I shall never play it so well again;" and then he added: "I will star in it and make as great a popular success as Jefferson has made in Rip Van Winkle." He had not considered that characters such as Sir Giles and Luke and Richard and Iago, however much the performances of them may inspire intellectual admiration, never enlist the sympathy of the human heart. His real

conquest—and it was indeed real—was gained with such parts as Damon, St. Marc, and Black-Eyed Susan's gallant sailor lover, William, in which he was perfection.

With Brougham, whose professional triumphs I had so often seen and recorded, I parted when he was on his deathbed, and only a few hours before he died, and I shall never forget the last sad, abject, hopeless look with which he closed his eyes in mute farewell.

Every name in the long chronicle has its special associations. Those Fifth Avenue Theatre days were singularly vital with enterprise, with achievement, with enjoyment, with delightful friendships, with continual intellectual benefit, and—steadily pervading my remembrance of them—I see the alert, resolute, expeditious, animating figure of Augustin Daly. Is it indeed true, as so often and vigorously alleged, that the present period of theatrical syndicates, frivolities, fads, and "isms" is a brighter and better period than the stage has ever known? I wonder!

*The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?*

DALY AND FECHTER

DALY'S professional association with Charles Fechter did not last long, but while it lasted it was advantageous to both. Many years later, when it became known to me that the late Richard Mansfield was inclined to form an alliance with Daly for a production of "The Merchant of Venice"—Ada Rehan to be the Portia and Mansfield the Shylock—I spoke with Daly on that subject, endeavoring, at Mansfield's request, to promote the plan, since it promised, if feasible, a good result; but I gravely doubted whether those two men would agree, and, in conference with Daly, I did not conceal this doubt. "You are quite mistaken," he said; "I should get along with Mansfield exactly as I did with Fechter—have one grand row at first and get it all over. The moment Fechter began to bully I turned on him and told him what I thought of him and of his acting and his conduct, and I made it perfectly clear that I intended to be, at all times and under all circumstances, the manager and absolute master of my theatre. We never had any trouble after that."

Such a course would not have succeeded in dealing with Richard Mansfield, although well adapted for controlling Fechter, who, like most men of an arrogant, domineering disposition, was a moral coward. Within his proper sphere—that, namely, of romantic melodrama, typified by "Monte Cristo," "The Corsican Brothers," "No Thoroughfare," and "Ruy Blas"—Fechter was a capital actor. He required moments of convulsive passion for the full display of his peculiar powers. At such moments he became inspired by a kind of frenzy—lawless, yet not wholly ungoverned—which sometimes produced thrilling effects on sensibility (Continued on page 26)



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Where Is He? What Is He Like?

*What Is He Doing? And the
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Unknown Personage in America*

In the selection of the persons to be treated in this series, COLLIER'S gratefully acknowledges the assistance of hundreds of thoughtful people all over the country who have honored the Weekly with names, suggestions, and sketches.

Every section and every state of life is represented: the millionaire and the man without a dollar, and a woman scarcely known outside of her own town, jostle one another in the series. They are not mere success stories, yet each has achieved a success, though few of them have made money. What we particularly promise is that each of them is true, each is worth while, each is a distinctively American type, each is of fascinating interest. For an example of what we are talking about, consider these characters taken at random from the series:

"CORN CLUB" SMITH OF MISSISSIPPI
A BUILDER OF CITIES
A GREAT MANAGING EDITOR
A BALTIMORE POLICEMAN
A DISTURBER OF DENVER
THE SISTER OF JANE ADDAMS
A VAGABOND POET
AN UNMAKER OF DRUG FIENDS
A VILLAGE BEAUTY DOCTOR
A PRIEST OF THE BORDER

The stories are being written by Peter Clark Macfarlane, whose vivid character portrayals, whether the subject be the digger of a ditch or the builder of a Panama Canal, have so impressed American periodical readers during the past two years.

The series will show Mr. Macfarlane at his best. His vivid phrases, the variety of his treatment, the sanity of his insight, the humor and the headlong enthusiasm with which he writes, all will invite the reader. In the preparation of the articles he has traveled upward of ten thousand miles.

He has not been content to present a mere narrative of externals. On the contrary, he has gone inside the facts to the secret springs of motive and ambition. In consequence, these graphic stories of representative Americans will, we believe, be read with eagerness, and will make the most popular magazine series of the year 1913.



*By all means, Try Karo
in your Preserving this Year*

THE secret of getting jams, jellies, preserves and canned fruits mellow and rich is to blend the sweetening perfectly with the fruit.

Now that you can get *Karo Crystal White*, you will find that the use of part Karo with the sugar in your preserving syrup will not only give you more uniformly good preserves, but will save you a great deal of time and bother.

Karo better blends the sugar syrup with the fruit juices, develops

fruit flavor in perfection—prevents candying or crystallizing of jellies and jams.

Get *Karo Crystal White* from your grocer. Make your preserving syrup as described in our *Karo Preserving Book*. This book tells the surest methods for putting up every kind of fruit—and *sterilizing preserves so they will keep perfectly*. We shall be glad to send you a copy **FREE**—just send us your name on a post card.

Send for your **FREE COPY, Karo Preserving Book.**

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Dept. KK.

NEW YORK

P. O. Box 161

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

IN hot weather especially, be sure to keep Kingsford's Corn Starch always at hand. It will add many dainty palatable dishes to your summer menu—nutritious, while light and wholly digestible.

When you order Kingsford's, see that you are given *Kingsford's*; not ordinary Corn Starches and inferior substitutes, which are sold at the same price as Kingsford's.

Pastry Flour—Prepare your own pastry flour by adding Kingsford's Corn Starch to regular bread flour in proportions of one part Kingsford's Corn Starch to five parts flour, sift together three times.

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Send your name for our new **Corn Products Cook Book**, with the latest recipes for the use of *Kingsford's Corn Starch* and *Karo Syrup*. Handsomely illustrated in color.

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Car
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Mohair Top and
Boot
Clear Vision, Rain
Vision Wind-Shield
Preat-O-Lite Tank

THE closer you analyze competing automobile values; the more intimate you are with huge production economies—the more you will be impressed and convinced of the fact that this car is a masterpiece of engineering.

THE closer you analyze competing automobiles values; the more intimate you are with huge production economies—the more you will be impressed and convinced of the fact that this car, produced by any smaller factory, would have to cost you in the neighborhood of \$1200.

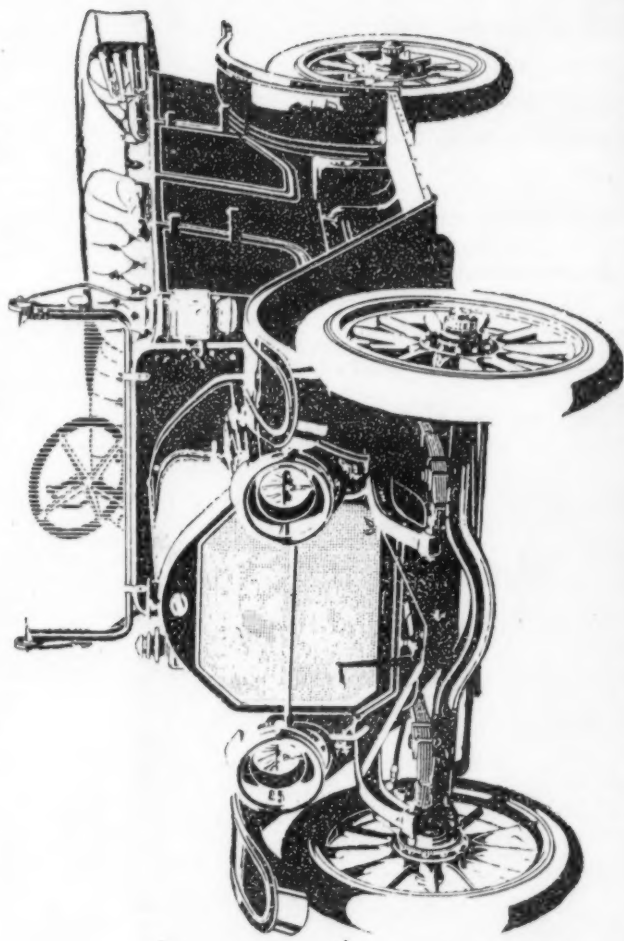
U The more you investigate big factory facilities—the closer you examine large quantity production means and methods—the more advanced your knowledge and experience of manufacturing is—the more you will realize, recognize and concede the individual economy, per car, of manufacturing automobiles in lots of 40,000.

Run over the big fundamentals of this car—the wheel base—the motor—the seating capacity—the chassis—the equipment—the power—the finish—the comfort—the style, etc., and you will acknowledge it to be a perfect and absolute description of the average \$1200 car.

There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up. Have a good talk with him. Listen carefully to all he says. He will show you an actual 30% saving. Get a real demonstration. Inspect this car at your leisure. Don't rush about the purchase of your car. Take it easy. Buy right.

Send for a 1913 catalogue. Please address Dept. 6.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio





MANY of you are considering owning an automobile, but haven't yet decided just which one you want.



When you come to investigate the 1913 Mitchell car—made by a company that has built good vehicles since 1834—you will find so many strong reasons for owning a Mitchell that your doubts as to which car you want will be solved.

In the Mitchell you will find only the highest quality of workmanship and materials.

The first look will satisfy as to the lines and finish: simple elegance and comfort throughout; combined in a design assuring strength, power and long life.

Here are some of the 1913 Mitchell features—things you certainly should have in your car:

Long stroke T-head Motor	Electric Self Starter and Electric Lighting System.
Left Drive and Center Control.	Thirty-six inch Wheels.
Firestone Demountable Rims.	Bosch Ignition.
Rayfield Carburetor.	French Belaise Springs.
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Make your roof more than a mere covering for your home; they make it an artistic part of the whole ensemble. Flex-A-Tile shingles mean—

Permanency With Economy

Flex-A-Tile really costs less than ordinary roofing and they will endure as long as the building stands.

Flex-A-Tile roofs never need repairs, paint or renewal. They are water proof, fire proof and weather proof.

Flex-A-Tile with the natural green or rich red of its granite or slate surfacing combine beautifully with your color scheme.

We have issued a book that tells all about Flex-A-Tile shingles. It will be sent with a sample on request.

We offer an exceptional opportunity to dealers in districts where we are not already represented. Write for proposition.

The Heppes Company, 1016 Forty-Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.



\$1,000 on the Farm

Some Answers to the City Man's Query:

"Can I Go to a Farm with a Small Capital and Make Good?"

By J. M. OSKISON

WHERE is the best place to be poor? COLLIER'S has asked that question, and its readers have answered, positively and in numbers:

The farm. But if you don't know anything about farming and your capital is very small, dare you leave the city for the farm? COLLIER'S has wanted to get an answer to that query, too, for the benefit of its readers.

"Yes, go," have said many who wrote in response to the second question—and the letters came from readers who had made the break from a job in the city to the farm, from those with a background of experience.

"Let us be a little more specific," COLLIER'S said editorially, after the last installment of letters was received. We want to know what chance the city man would have to succeed if he took a family and a capital of \$1,000 to a farm.

Answers, helpful and numerous, have come; they are from men who have gone to the farms, and from men who have helped to place others on the land. Vermont, Texas, Virginia, Montana, Georgia, and New York—these widely separate States have been among the many which have sent directions for planting a capital of \$1,000 on the farm so that you may reap a healthful living for your family.

ADVICE ON OUTFIT

FROM Dillwyn, Va., a man who used to work in the mills at Pittsburgh sends a letter, across the top of which he pasted the printed offer of a forty-acre farm for sale at a price of \$450—half cash and balance on time. On this farm are three small houses, a tobacco barn, twenty-five acres are cleared, it is on a road, and stores are convenient. These details are referred to by the man who left Pittsburgh at forty, and then he says: "If the city man will buy this farm, or one similar, and follow the plan I outline, I guarantee that he will earn more money, have better health, and have better food on his table than ever before."

"His first purchase will be of a horse—and he won't need an expensive animal at first. With good advice, he can get one which will do for from \$25 to \$50. Next, a plow, a cultivator, two hoes, rakes, a shovel, and a grubbing hoe will equip him to start work."

"First, he should plant five acres of early potatoes—to be sold about July 1. He should contract with the cannery near by to deliver five acres of tomatoes in the season. For his wife, he will need to buy a cow and a few chickens, and a good brood sow to feed the waste to is needed. Five acres of corn, with beans planted between the rows, should be put in. The green beans may be sold at the cannery."

"After these crops are planted, there is good deal of idle time. During the time between planting and harvesting, the crops of wild blackberries, dewberries, and huckleberries follow each other, and good wages can be made by every member of the family picking them for the cannery. At the same time, I can't think of a better way to begin a breakfast than by dipping into a dish of freshly picked ripe berries buried under fresh cream! Melons grow easily, and if there are fruit trees on his place, the man from the city is sure of a delicious variety of good eating during the summer anyway. Surplus fruit is sold at market prices to the cannery."

THE SAME MAN'S FIGURES

"WHEN the tomatoes begin to ripen, he can pick all that are ready in the early morning, cart them to the cannery, and work there for the rest of the day. At night he can take back to feed to his pigs the waste (40 per cent in weight) from his own tomatoes."

"Now, I figure that a man won't need half of \$1,000 to make the change from

the city to this kind of a farm—at least down here. Let's figure it:

First payment on farm.....	\$250
Live stock—horse \$40, cow \$25, 24 hens \$12, sow \$10...	87
Tools—plow \$5, cultivator \$5, harrow \$5, other tools and harness \$15	30
Seed and planting 5 acres of potatoes	25
Tomato plants, 5 acres.....	5
Corn and beans, 5 acres....	10
Total	\$407

"Of course, the man would have to spend something for food before he could get any money from his crops or labor, but it need not be much. On the income side of the balance sheet, he ought to show something like this:

Potatoes, 750 bushels.....	\$675
Tomatoes, 1,000 bushels.....	250
Corn, forage, and beans....	275

Total

"Now, there is left ten acres of cleared land, the products of the garden, the chickens, the cow, the pigs, the sums earned at the cannery and by picking berries—if these don't help to put money in the city man's pocket and supply his table with the sort of food that makes him fat and sassy, I can only say that he's the kind that hates work. After he learns something about crop rotation, the varieties of fruit which grow and pay best, and the kind and value of fertilizer which he ought to use, this man from the city can add largely to his income. What I've written here is a plan for him to follow to get started."

"In Vermont," asserts a man who has owned a farm in that State for some years, "it is easily possible for a city man with a capital of \$1,000 to get a productive farm of from 100 to 200 acres, stocked, with fairly good buildings in fair condition, for a first payment of \$500."

OPPORTUNITIES

THIS man knows of opportunities for the buyer of such a farm to live on the property for a year with the seller while he is learning how to run it. During that year, the purchaser could learn how to invest his remaining \$500 to the best advantage—what improvements are most needed, the additional stock it would pay him to keep, and what is needed in the way of fertilizers. Profits would be divided during that year.

The New England farmer, in the opinion of the man in Vermont, does not ordinarily realize that money in the bank may be used with profit in buying fertilizer and better stock. He is apt to lose interest in the land after he gets a bank account, and that is why productive places may be bought at low prices and on easy terms.

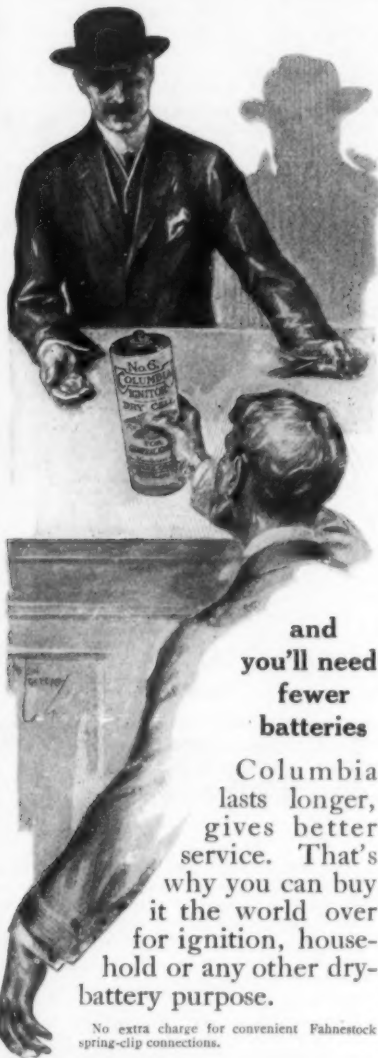
"We assume," says a man who has been a farmer in New Jersey, "that the city man with \$1,000 knows nothing about farming. How, then, can he make good if he breaks away from the job he knows?"

First, this practical farmer advises, the beginner should go to work for a year for a successful farmer. It will not be hard to find a farm where there is a tenant house to which he may take his family if he has one.

At the beginning of the second farm year, he should be competent to run a rented farm. At first it will be a farm run on shares, with the owner furnishing everything needed—tools, house, seeds, horses, etc.—and receiving two-thirds of the produce. When the tenant has acquired his own tools and horses, he can then rent a farm for half of the crops produced.

All of this time, the city man's \$1,000 is not used—it is to be saved until he learns enough about farm values and soils to know exactly what he wants when he buys a farm for himself.

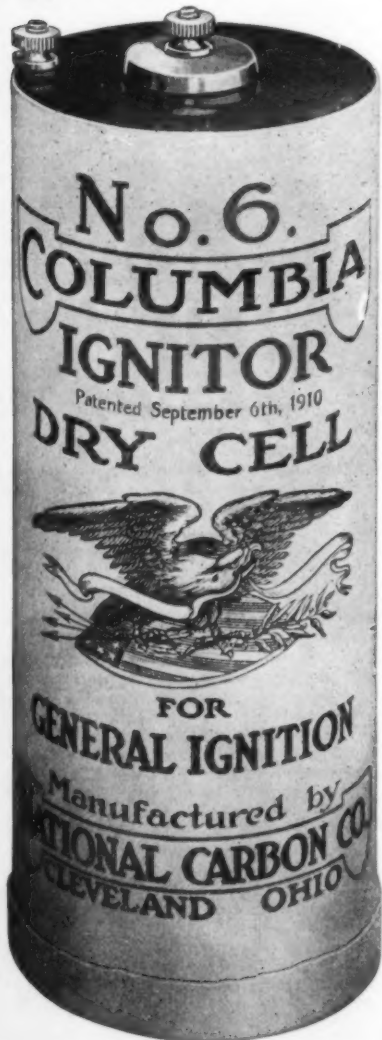
Learn to Say

"COLUMBIA"

and
you'll need
fewer
batteries

Columbia
lasts longer,
gives better
service. That's
why you can buy
it the world over
for ignition, house-
hold or any other dry-
battery purpose.

No extra charge for convenient Fahnestock
spring-clip connections.



Costs no more; lasts longer.

Master of the Mound

(Concluded from page 19)

Having the evidence, Gentle or Rough Reader, before you, with rebuttal and counter-rebuttal attached, you can bring in your own verdict. Only recall that we are not discussing any one season's work but the sum and substance of each slaban's career.

In our opinion, as great as Walsh is and as valuable to his people, the ultimate award rests between Mathewson and Johnson.

Ranking the pitching régime of to-day alone, Joe Wood and others would loom above the Giant veteran. But we are here pursuing the agile and elastic dope over the complete trail of each man's career, compiling the records of what they were and still are.

There can be no question but that to-day Johnson is the greater pitcher of the two—the greatest of the game.

UPON the basis of records—of what has been accomplished upon the field through many years—there is no question but that Mathewson rules alone.

Johnson is the greatest pitcher of the era—a harder man to beat upon an average than any pitcher that ever lived.

Mathewson has gotten more out of less physical ability—has developed the art of pitching to a higher plane—has combined brain, brawn, and nerve to a greater degree than Johnson or any other man in the game.

The man who has put more skill and science into pitching—who will be remembered longest as the Master Mind of the Mound—is Mathewson.

The man that batsmen fear more to face than any other—and face with fewer results—is Johnson.

The sheriff will kindly see that no one tampers with the jury until a verdict is reached. Go to it.

Hope in Cancer

(Continued from page 10)

defense against the swiftly increasing scourge.

"Make people, and particularly women, comprehend the supreme importance of early treatment and the fight is half won," says Dr. Thomas S. Cullen, chairman of and spokesman for the Cancer Campaign Committee. "Thousands of lives are wasted every year because cancer patients either deceive themselves by false hopes that the growth isn't cancer, and so delay beyond the period of possible successful operation, or give up at once to the disease, under the influence of the old error that nothing can help them. We must teach the American public, and particularly the American woman, the lesson that if she guards herself properly she can, in the large majority of cases, be saved."

DO NOT "WAIT AND SEE"

A CANCER discovered at the very beginning means a big chance of life; a cancer discovered still in the early stages, more than an even chance; a cancer coming late to the knife, only a desperate chance. A woman who discovers any lump in her breast, however small, should go at once to her doctor. If he says: "I don't know; it may be cancer or it may not; we'll wait and see," she had better find another physician. "Wait and see" in cancer means "Wait and die." Even if the growth is not cancer—and it often isn't—it has no business there and should come out. Fears as to the breast operation itself are unfounded. It is practically never fatal. The cancer unoperated is always and inevitably fatal. So it is with carcinoma of the other organs. The knife, at the worst, gives a fighting chance; at the best an almost certain chance; but the cancer gives no chance at all.

There is a word, too, to be said about the prevention of internal cancers. Just as, on the surface of the body, any sore which does not heal in the course of a few weeks is a danger spot, so, inside the body, any irritation or inflammation which persists is likely to become the seat of a carcinoma. The proper and safe course is to have the cause of such irritation removed, by surgery if necessary. Because people understand that an inflammation of the appendix is likely to develop into peritonitis and death, there is little difficulty in persuading them to an operation

**Straight Wall Type**

A practical tire that is in big demand. Affords full protection against rim cutting. Its construction gives extra air capacity, increased resiliency and greater protection to power equipment.

FEDERAL TIRES

Skidding troubles are entirely removed by the Federal Rugged Tread. The heavy base studs grip the road with great tenacity, giving maximum traction and exceptional mileage service.

There is economy in the use of Federal Tires. Specify them at your next purchase.

Federal Rubber
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Branches and Agencies
everywhere

Made in all
types for all
standard rims



The Comfortable Underwear

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits have set a new standard of comfort.



Enjoy them this summer
—as thousands will.



Note 1—The triangular piece in the picture illustrates the "Porosknit" elastic fitting back which is especially made to stretch up and down as well as sideways and prevents "short-waisted" feeling and "cutting" in the crotch. This and the Comfortably Closed Crotch give absolute ease in any position—no binding, pulling, bulging nor gaping.

Note 2—This shows the new $\frac{3}{4}$ length Union Suit, which insures a covering for the knee—without doubling way under the sock. You may have the knee length, which is shorter, or the ankle length, which is longer.

"Porosknit" Union Suits fit comfortably all over. They stay buttoned while on.

"Porosknit" is light, cool, elastic and durable. If you insist on the label and Guarantee Bond (shown here) with every garment you will get what we promise. Made in all styles. Try a suit or two now.



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Illustrating Styles

For Men	Any Style Shirts or Drawers per garment	For Boys
50c		25c
For Men	Any Style UNION SUITS	For Boys
\$1.00		50c
Men's mercerized (looks like silk), \$1.00 per garment; \$2.00 per Union Suit.		

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for the removal of this organ. If they could be brought to understand that a lasting sore or lesion in the body is a standing invitation for the wandering cell which causes cancer to lodge there and develop its deadly growth, and that the only safe measure is to have it out, there would be a marked decrease in mortality rates.

In Germany, where there has been a system of widespread instruction to women, teaching them how to guard against and recognize carcinoma of the uterus, nearly 80 per cent of these cases present themselves for operation while there is still a chance. In uninstructed America, less than 40 per cent. There is a waste of the life chance to appal the thoughtful!

QUACK ALLIES OF DEATH

UNHAPPILY there exists in this country an anti-educational propaganda, which has gotten long years the start of the Cancer Campaign Committee's public-spirited work. Deadly falsehoods have been spread broadcast by the cancer quacks, speaking their message through the newspapers and magazines. "Be cured without the knife" is the burden of their song. Some of them even advertise in such a way as to inspire terror of the surgeon's merciful knife. "Why Submit to Torture?" and similar headlines. They undertake to "cure" cancer by "soothing, balmy oils"—for which read burning, agonizing acids. After these acids have done their work, the cancer spreads like wildfire in the wounded flesh, and in a short time is beyond operation. But worse even than the positive harm which they do by their practice is the negatively ruinous influence of their advertisements, fright-

ening thousands of women from the operating table, which is their one and only chance of being saved. Nearly all of the better newspapers have thrown out cancer cure "copy." The post office has shut many of these scoundrelly malpractitioners out of the mails. But a few persist, and their deadly lies may still be found in the lesser magazines and papers. Let every publisher who accepts such advertising matter consider this: medication can no more cure cancer than it can cure an arrow imbedded in the body. The arrow must come out or it will kill. So with the cancer. Whoever issues falsehoods as to the cure of cancer without surgery is a principal, and whoever circulates them an accomplice, in wanton and wholesale murder.

Surely, though slowly, the truth will overtake and overcome the falsehood. Meantime thousands of lives are wasted through ignorance and mistaken fear. Let me repeat once more the vital points of the new enlightenment on cancer:

Cancer is usually preventable by proper treatment of the precancerous trouble.

It is generally curable when discovered early and operated on at once. Any intelligent physician can explain to you the early symptoms and teach you to safeguard yourself.

The operation, no matter how desperate, is never as desperate as the cancer.

If your doctor says "It may be cancer," don't waste a day in finding out and, if it be cancer, in getting to the operating table.

Remember that, in the early stages, cancer operations are seldom fatal.

Don't postpone operation through any mistaken dread. Not the knife, but fear of the knife, is Death's chiefest ally.

Memories of the Players

(Continued from page 20)

and imagination, causing wild excitement and suggesting vivid images of human nature exalted into the avenging fury or the dreadful, inevitable, invincible fate. His performance of the dual parts in "The Corsican Brothers" was as nearly perfect in that way as anything that has been seen. His Ruy Blas in the third act, his Claude Melnotte in the fourth act, his Legardère, and his Obenreizer (in the Alpine scenes) illustrated the special excellence of his acting. In Shakespeare he was not successful, one reason being that he carried into poetical tragedy a colloquial tone and a familiar manner, and thus, in striving to be "natural," became prosy and trivial. By Daly he was judiciously restricted to the things he could do best.

Fechter could be companionable if flattered, but he was capricious and unreasonable; he quarreled with almost everybody, and he was ruined by colossal vanity and reckless self-indulgence. Even Charles Dickens, by whom he was extravagantly admired, was compelled to confess that he had "a perfect genius for quarreling." The defect was deeper than that. It was a craze of vanity, and it made his career, which might have been one of continuous beneficence and unclouded renown, a miserable failure. No actor was ever provided with better opportunities, and seldom has any actor made a worse use of them.

DALY AND CLARA MORRIS

DALY'S management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre was in the second season specially signalized by his employment and professional education of Clara Morris, a native of Toronto, Canada—real name Morrison—who, before she came to New York, had gained experience in the West. Her first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was made on September 13, 1870, as Anne Sylvester, in a play that Daly had adapted from the powerful and tragically effective novel of "Man and Wife," by that prince of storytellers, Wilkie Collins. The part—as Daly long afterward told me—had been allotted to Fanny Davenport, and by her had been rehearsed; but Miss Davenport did not like it and wished to be relieved of it, and to take instead the part of Blanche Lundy. That arrangement ultimately was made, and Anne Sylvester was given, not without hesitation, to Miss Morris. "I telegraphed to her former manager, old John Ellsler," said Daly, "asking him whether she could play it, and I received two words in answer: 'Try her.' The trial was made, and the result was a remarkable success. Better acting than that of Miss Morris was seen on the night when

"Man and Wife" had its first representation, for James Lewis appeared as Sir Patrick Lundy, William Davidge as Bishopriggs, and Mrs. Gilbert as Hester Dethridge, but the strange, passionate personality of Clara Morris attracted all eyes, stirred the imagination, and deeply impressed the feelings. She was like no other, and upon the total achievement of her long subsequent career that would be a sufficiently comprehensive and illuminative comment.

A BIZARRE QUALITY OF ACTING

IT would not be accurate to designate Clara Morris as either a tragedian or a comedian. She was, intrinsically, an expositor of human nature in self-conflict, of the revolt of humanity against affliction and suffering, of erring virtue tortured in the miserable bonds of fatal circumstance. Representative performances of hers were Jezebel; Cora, in "Article 47"; Madeleine Morel; Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen"; Alix; Esther, in "The New Leah"; and Miss Multon, in the domestic drama so named, which had been derived from a French play based on Mrs. Henry Wood's once widely popular novel of "East Lynne." Her acting was pervaded by a bizarre quality and fraught with hysterical passion and intense tremulous nervous force, but it revealed neither definite intellectual method nor consistent artistic design. The structure of it was perplexed by aimless wanderings across the scene, motiveless posturing, facial contortions, wailing vocalization, extravagant gesture, and spasmodic conduct—as of a haphazard person taking the uncertain chance of somehow coming out right at last.

That sort of wild emotional deliverance is effective upon a nervous, excitable auditory, and Miss Morris was long a popular figure on our stage. She remained with Daly till 1873, when she went to the Union Square, which, in the previous year, had been converted into a theatre of the first class by A. M. Palmer. Long afterward, speaking to me, Daly said: "Morris was one of the most interesting and talented women in my company, but she was very vain and her head was turned by her success. I soon found her resentful of instruction, so I let her severely alone. She found that she could not get along without assistance, and one day at rehearsal she asked me why I didn't help her any more. I told her I didn't care to waste my time on performers who thought themselves perfect, and after that she took a different tone and begged me to direct her as before, which I did. She



Five Household Utilities —and an Attractive Sample Offer

It's astonishing how often you use glue if it's always at hand in convenient form for instant use. And when you do need it—well, for instance, a chair gets wobbly, a toy comes apart, a handle loosens—a drop of glue, and all is well; no glue, and the article is ruined. Isn't it worth 10c to have the drop when you need it?

We have a strong reason for making it easy and profitable to get some LePage's Glue at once.

Our laboratories have succeeded, after months of effort, in producing a very remarkable lubricating and cleansing oil. It lubricates perfectly, fine machinery such as a sewing machine or firearms. It does not gum nor dry out and, moreover, it not only removes rust, but prevents it. It makes a wonderful furni-

ture polish, having the peculiar property of actually restoring varnish to its original condition. Varnish is a gum held in solution. The liquid evaporates, leaving a deposit of gum. With age this gum hardens, becomes brittle and cracks. Signet Oil slightly softens the surface of the gum so that vigorous rubbing fills up the microscopic cracks and restores the original lustre and elasticity. A few drops on a dust-cloth prevent scattering the dust. In this way you can make your own dust-absorbing duster.

There are many other household uses for Signet Oil.

Now, we want every housekeeper in the United States to try Signet Oil, and so we make it possible to get a liberal sample for nothing, as explained in our generous sample offer.

LE PAGE'S Glue and Paste

LePage's Liquid Glue

This is, of course, an absolutely standard article—has been for thirty years. It is unquestionably the finest quality of glue that is manufactured. Repairs made with it are permanent. We put it up in several packages, the most popular of which are the 10c bottle and 10c tube. The tube is particularly handy for desk or office use. Good to the last drop. LePage's Glue ought to be in every home in the world.

LePage's Photo Paste

This paste is made according to a formula produced in our laboratories, and of a substance which we import directly from Europe. Its use has been confined chiefly to the most exacting work, such as finest photo mounting, but increased facilities enable us to put it up in tube, jar and water-well, also in glass flasks. You will find this the most satisfactory paste you ever used.

SIGNET Oil and Inks

Signet Oil

It is the finest oil ever made for lubricating and protecting from rust: typewriters, talking machines, firearms, bicycles, automobiles, locks, hinges, sewing machines, magnetos, etc. It will not clog, gum, thicken nor turn rancid and can be used in any climate. Its perfection as a furniture polish has already been explained. Put up in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. See our sample offer below.

Signet Writing Fluid

A genuine writing fluid, not simply water containing dye. It has taken us years to produce an ink we were willing to put out under our trademark, but we are confident that a trial will convince you that Signet Ink is of unequalled quality as regards permanency, fine color, flowing properties and all-round excellence. Quarts, pints and half pints—also in 5c and 10c bottles.

Sample Offer:

We will give you a generous sample of Signet Oil and a valuable booklet telling of hundreds of household uses for Signet Oil, providing you will send us the front of the pasteboard carton which contained a bottle or tube of LePage's Glue. Don't fail to take advantage of this offer—write today.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY, 120 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Special to Manufacturers:

LePage's Tin Paste

A wonderful invention which has long been wanted—a paste which will stick labels on tin—even greasy tin. It does it.

LePage's Belting Cement

For quick, dependable repairs on factory belts—it has great strength, flexibility and durability.

Animal and Fish Glue Blends

Absolutely the right kind of a glue for every purpose. Give us your glue problems and we will work out exactly the right glue for you to get most effective results. We have the most efficient glue laboratory in the world.

Tempering Oils

We have a remarkably fine line of tempering oils of which we would like to give you fuller particulars.

Write to Our Manufacturers' Department for information about these products

That
Cat's Paw Plug
Prevents
Slipping.



50c. Attached.
At All Dealers.

TO THE RETAIL DEALER

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

**Put Your
Foot Right Down**
It won't slip—even
on wet sidewalks or
the smoothest floor.
That **Cat's Paw**
Friction Plug Holds.
And notice, too, that
it is near the back of
the heel, where the
hardest wear comes.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Put You On A Sure Footing

No holes to carry mud or dirt.
Extra quality rubber gives resiliency
and lightness, lends energy to your step.

They walk easier and last longer
than other kinds, but cost no more.

They Never "Skid"

Ask your shoe dealer to put
Cat's Paw Heels on
all your shoes. Black
or Tan. The name is
easy to remember.



1913 APRIL 1913						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

**Off Goes April and On
Goes B. V. D.**

OFF goes tight fitting, full
length, knit underwear
that cramps your body
and clogs your pores!
On goes loose fitting,
soft draping B. V. D.
that cools and comforts
your skin!

Don't take any "Summer
Underwear" or any "Ath-
letic Underwear." Accept
only B. V. D. and reject all
others. On every B. V. D.
Undergarment is sewed



You can't go amiss, if you
seek and find this label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and
Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c.,
\$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat.
U. S. A. 4-30-07.) \$1.00,
\$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and
\$5.00 the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, New York

London Selling Agency: 66, ALDERMANBURY, E. C.

was a clever woman, but she never did anything more, after she left me, than she had done already on my stage."

DALY AND ADA REHAN

DALY rendered many, various, and important services to the theatre of his time, but his recognition and development of the genius of Ada Rehan was the most valuable of them all. A large volume would hardly contain the complete story of her career. In Ada Rehan the stage was illumined and graced by an actress who not only preserved but bettered the brilliant traditions of Peg Woffington and Dora Jordan. Her rich, healthful, refined beauty, her imposing stature, her Celtic sparkle of mischievous piquancy, her deep feeling, her round, full, clear, caressing voice, her supple freedom of movement, the expressive play of her features, and the delightful variety and vivacity of her action—who that ever appreciated could ever forget them? She raised the character of Shakespeare's Shrew from the level of turbulent farce, and made it a credible, consistent, continuously interesting, and ultimately sympathetic image of human nature. She was the best Rosalind ever seen in our time, or, as far as extensive reading on the subject enables me to judge, ever seen since "As You Like It" was written, and I confidently believe that, within her special field—of archness, railery, sentiment, coquetry, and noble, womanlike feeling—she has seldom been equaled and never excelled. She triumphed not only by reason of what she did but by reason of what she was—a woman in whom great goodness of heart was reinforced by purity and strength of mind. Under any circumstances, thus inspired, she would have risen to eminence in the dramatic vocation, but she would not have gained so much success or gained it so soon if she had not attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, and if he had not devoted himself to her training and advancement.

When, in reminiscent mood, I muse on the brilliant career of Ada Rehan, as known to me, the character of the woman seems even more interesting than the accomplishment of the actress. She was a creature of simplicity and truth—intrinsically sincere, modest, and humble. Buoyant glee, a dominant attribute of her acting, was equally characteristic of her conduct in private life, and no stress of care and trouble—from which she has not been exempt—could dash her spirits or deaden her sensibility. She was ever a passionate lover of the beautiful, alike in nature and art, and she could discern and cordially admire the beauty of other women—a happiness not usual with her sex. She was intrinsically guileless and noble; generous and grateful; never forgetting kindness, and never speaking ill of anybody. Of all my friends among the players she is the last of the old order, but when we meet, as sometimes we do, I find her still the same gentle, merry, hopeful, sympathetic creature whom first I knew as a young and ardent girl, with all her life before her.

THE ADVENT OF ADA REHAN

ADA REHAN was not associated with the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her advent on Daly's stage did not occur until after he had ceased to manage the Fifth Avenue and had returned from his temporary period of rest and observation in Europe. Miss Rehan (who had attracted his attention while playing Bianca, in Garrick's version of "The Taming of the Shrew," in Albany) acted under his management in the spring of 1879 at the Grand Opera House as Mary Standish, in his play of "Pique," and at the Olympic Theatre as Big Clemence, and also, later, as Virginie, in his version of Emile Zola's "L'Assommoir"; but it was not till he opened Daly's Theatre, producing the comedy of "Love's Young Dream," in which she acted Nelly Beers, that she entered on the career which since has given such abounding evidence of dramatic genius, and so much exalted and refined pleasure to the public, both European and American.

"I sketch him in the character."

—CORIOLANUS.

In character Daly was self-centered. Toward the world his demeanor, ordinarily, was austere. He believed in himself. He possessed extraordinary power of will and an amazing capability of endurance. Under all circumstances he decided promptly and acted instantly. He was not afraid to take risks. He neither boasted in prosperity nor complained in adversity. He never broke faith with the public. He never asked indulgence and

he never complained of the attitude of the public toward him or his ventures. He kept his troubles to himself. Even when heart-broken by the sudden death of his two young sons—who died within a few hours of each other—he, outwardly, maintained his iron composure, kept his theatre open, and attended to his business in it without deviation from customary routine. He was appreciative of friendship and glad to possess it, but he did not seek it. He was not solicitous of propitiating anybody. He did not depend on other persons; he depended on himself. He was mindful of the past and willing to profit by its teaching, but he lived in the present and looked toward the future. He was a genial host, but I never knew him to be tranquil or to impart tranquillity. He stimulated action. His mind was continuously concentrated on the active business of life. He thought quickly, acted quickly, moved quickly. I walked with him one day from end to end of the Canongate in Edinburgh—a favorite street with me, and one with which I had long before made myself familiar—and, at his request, pointed out to him its notable features of antiquity and association. He saw each and every one, but he never lingered. The walk was ended in less than thirty minutes. I took similar walks with him in London, a city well known to him, but there also he moved in a flash of expedition. It was not that he lacked appreciation of what he saw; it was that his temperament was restless and his ambitious purposes and plans never remote from attention. His quiet hours, I conjecture, were those which he devoted to religion. He was a member of the Roman Catholic Church and a strict observer of its ordinances.

DALY'S IRASCIBLE TEMPER

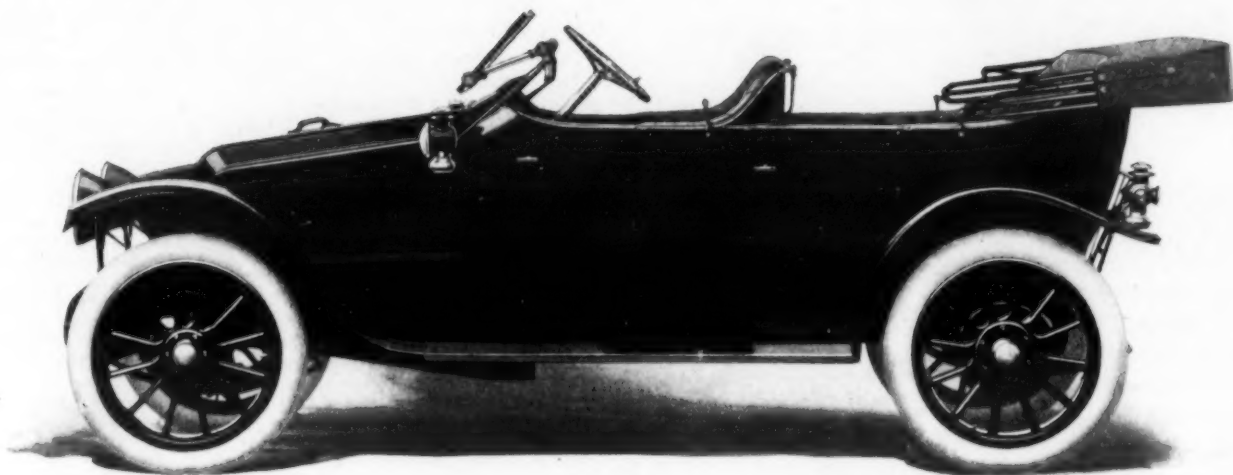
NOTWITHSTANDING his intrinsic amiability (which had been considerably strained by ingratitude and disparagement), Daly was a man of irascible temper—a defect which he earnestly strove to repair. "It is a serious weakness," he said to me, and then added: "Some time ago a swindling workman sent me an unjust bill, which I have repeatedly refused to pay. He has annoyed me much. To-day I met him in Sixth Avenue, where a new building is going up. 'Are you going to pay me that money?' he demanded. His insolence infuriated me so that I snatched up a piece of scantling, but, thank Heaven, he ran before I could strike. I might have killed him."

As a stage manager Daly's chief, if not his only, fault was a practice of excessive interference with his actors. His knowledge of the technicalities of dramatic art, indeed, was ample and minute, and he possessed an unerring perception of dramatic effect, so that his insistence on his own way was measurably justified. To inexperienced performers his training was exceedingly serviceable, and he could, and often did, make valuable suggestions to even the most experienced and capable of actors; but sometimes he marred individual performances by checking spontaneity and suppressing originality, and sometimes also he wrought injustice by arbitrary forbiddance of the right and proper exaltation of a character. His company was subservient to rigorous discipline, and it presented an admirable model of concurrent acting, but frequently it worked under a painful nervous tension, which could not be otherwise than injurious, at least to some individuals. Few of his company were truly friendly to him, but every member of it, possessed of judgment and knowledge, admired and respected him.

He watched his company with the vigilance of a hawk, both in the theatre and out of it. He specially disliked the vulgar and odious habit, indulged in by some actors, of making Broadway a lounging place in which to pose and exhibit themselves and to gossip. He detested those supersensitive creatures of "feeling" (almost invariably incompetent to act), who cannot properly attend to their business at rehearsal. "Don't tell me you'll be 'all right at night!'" I once heard him exclaim—to an actor on his stage: "If there's anything I hate, it's that! If you're ever going to be 'all right' you can be 'all right' now!" One maxim, of which he warmly approved, he caused to be printed and displayed in various parts of his theatre, behind the scenes, where, probably, the admonition it did good service: "A sure way to success—mind your business. A sure way to happiness—mind your own business." He was an insistent, merciless worker. He

(Concluded on page 31)

The Meaning of "*Balanced Construction*" in the Light-Weight Fact-Backed Franklin Car



Franklin Big Six "38," a commodious, luxurious 5-passenger car \$3600

FRANKLIN "Balanced Construction" is the practical application of a well-grounded, well-proven mechanical principle—less weight means less cost. It provides for trimming down overweight in every part; for measuring the capacity and strain of every part; and in correlating size, weight and capacity to meet the strain. The result is the modern motor prodigy—

A Light-weight Car with Heavy-weight Ability!

Advantages of Franklin *Balanced Construction*

- (1) By securing maximum strength in every part without excess weight and bulk, we are enabled to build a car that totals from 1000 to 1200 pounds *lighter* than other cars of same power and speed.
- (2) A lighter car in which nothing of strength or efficiency has been sacrificed means a lighter up-keep cost—less load to carry, therefore fewer tires to buy; fully 100 per cent. more miles per gallon of gasoline (and gasoline cost at the present market price is an item seriously to be considered).
- (3) Less weight—and all weight properly apportioned—means a safer car; a car less difficult to handle—a car in which, without undue fatigue, you can travel 300 miles per day, when in heavier cars of this same class 100 miles would tire you.

Tire Cost—the Bane of Motoring

Few automobilists know how much they spend for tires. Or what their tire cost per mile is. They should know. Every tire maker knows. Most automobile manufacturers know, too. But, as a rule, automobile manufacturers don't say very much about tires.

Proper tire equipment is really an engineering problem and we have worked it out on a scientific basis. A leading car of fine reputation, weighing 4450 pounds, has the same size of tires that we put on a car weighing 3350 pounds. The result is obvious.

Tire makers usually guarantee 3500 miles of service. Franklin owners say an average of 10,000 miles is common. 12,000 miles is not infrequent. And there are cases on record of Franklin owners who have got more than 15,000 miles out of a set of tires!

8000 Miles is the Franklin Average

However, take 8000 miles as the average. That is 4500 miles more than the guarantee. Velvet! Every bit of it.

What is the explanation of the Franklin's wonderful showing? Light weight! Balanced construction! Right-sized tires! Right spring throw! Wood sills that soften the "hammer, hammer, hammer of the hard highway." The biggest factor, of course, is light weight.

Franklin owners have infinitely less tire trouble, immeasurably less tire expense than owners of other cars. 98 per cent. of Franklin cars don't carry extra tires. Why should they?

The Franklin is direct air-cooled

We have completely and forever put by all necessity of even considering a water-cooling system. Listen! *Not a man who owns a Franklin car today is conscious that he has a cooling system.* So perfect and simple is direct air-cooling he does not have to think about it, fill it up nor oil it. Leaks and boiling water, freezing water in winter, rust-outs, clogged circulation, these are some of the other troubles avoided. If you would like more Franklin reasons, ask your dealer or write for catalogue.

The Fact-Backed Franklin is made as follows:

Franklin Six "38"	\$3600
Franklin Little Six "30"	2900
Franklin Four "25"	2000
Franklin "18" Runabout	1650

All Franklin 6-cylinder cars are equipped with the Entz Electric Starting and Lighting System.

Franklin Automobile Company

21 Franklin Square

Syracuse N Y

RELENTLESS FRICTION

How it ruins automobile motors. How the remedy must be determined.

WITHOUT lubrication your car could run only about 20 to 30 times its own length.

Friction would then stop the power.

As oil saves power, it follows that one oil will save more power than another.

An important question is:

What oil will eliminate the most destructive friction in your motor?

Motors differ. Different cars demand different oils.

Only oil of the very highest lubricating qualities can properly protect the moving parts.

Only oil whose "body," or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly reach the friction points.

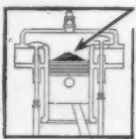
With such an oil, practically your only friction is the friction of oil against metal.

You will find this grade of oil indicated, opposite your car, in the chart printed in part on this page.

The recommendations in the chart were arrived at after a careful motor-analysis of the cars named. The oil's efficiency has been further proven-out by practical demonstrations.

If you use an oil of less correct "body," or of lower lubricating efficiency your motor must pay the penalty.

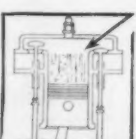
Some of the consequences are pointed out below.



Carbon deposit (excepting that due to faulty carburetion and gasoline combustion) is commonly attributed to the quality of the lubricating oil. Quite as often the fault lies with the oil's "body."

In some motors, a light-bodied oil will work too freely past the piston rings, into the combustion chamber. Lubricating oil itself is a hydro-carbon product. Carbon can never be wholly filtered out. When the oil works freely into the closed combustion chamber carbon deposit is bound to occur.

An unnecessary quantity of the oil is consumed. Ignition trouble, and in time, "knocking" of the motor results.

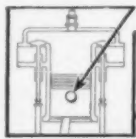


Another common result of faulty lubrication is **scored cylinder walls**.

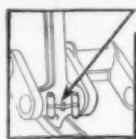
The scoring is generally caused by the oil's low lubricating quality.

Or it may be caused by too-light a "body." In that case the oil fails to carry through to the end of the piston stroke.

The piston rings then rub directly against the walls. In time they break. Scoring and scratching of the cylinders will result. Hissing of the motor follows.

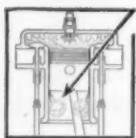


A third result of wrong "body" or low lubricating quality is **worn wrist-pins**. This trouble causes a dull, metallic knock. In extreme cases the wrist-pins break.



A fourth result is **worn connecting rod or main bearings**. The unnecessary wear is caused either by the low lubricating quality of the oil, or by an oil whose "body" is unadapted to the fit of the bearings.

The bearings in different motors differ widely. For proper lubrication they require oils of different "body."



A fifth common result is **loss of compression and escape of the explosion**.

The oil's actual lubricating quality plays no part in this loss. The escape is attributable wholly to the oil's incorrect "body."

With certain types of piston rings a light-bodied oil forms too-thin a film around the ring. Loss of compression, escaping explosion, and reduced power result.

There is no plain symptom by which this escape can be discovered—other than the lessened power of the motor.

TO avoid these troubles you must use an oil of the highest lubricating quality, and of correct "body."

There is only one way to determine the correct "body." That is, to carefully analyze the construction of the motor.

Any less-thorough method can only be a hazardous guess.

To meet this problem, each season we carefully analyze the motor-construction of every make of automobile.

Based on this analysis, and on practical experience, we determine the correct oil for each car.

The results of these conclusions are compiled in a lubricating chart—printed in part on this page. This chart specifies the correct grade of Gargoyl Mobiloil for your car.

The efficiency of the oils recommended has been thoroughly demonstrated in practical use.

In sheer lubricating quality they stand alone.

Oil of the quality and "body" recommended is an absolutely necessary step toward:

- (1) The greatest horse-power efficiency.
- (2) The smoothest operation.
- (3) The fewest repair troubles.
- (4) The lowest operating cost per mile.
- (5) The longest life to your motor.
- (6) The greatest second-hand value.

WE have here discussed lubrication with considerable assurance. You may wish to know more about the basis for this certainty.

We will speak plainly. Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

Throughout the world the lubricating counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

We are depended upon to determine the lubricating requirements and to supply the oils that meet them.

Our clientele includes thousands of manufacturing plants—located in practically every civilized country.

We supply the floating armament of the world's leading naval powers.

We supply practically all of the ocean greyhounds.

We supply the aeroplane fleets of the leading military powers.

Outside of the home field we supply over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

OUR chart of recommendations represents our professional advice.

If you use an oil of less-correct "body" or of lower lubricating quality than that recommended, unnecessary friction, unnecessary carbon deposit, loss of power, and ultimate serious damage must result.

In buying Gargoyl Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to purchase a full barrel, half-barrel or a sealed five-gallon, or one-gallon can. Make certain that the name and our red Gargoyl appear on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.



Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyl Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyl Mobiloil A," "B" means "Gargoyl Mobiloil B," etc. For all electric vehicles use Gargoyl Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933
CARS	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Albion Detroit	A	A	A	A	A
Alco	A	A	A	A	A
American	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A
Asiatic (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Avery	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (10 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (14 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (16 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (18 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (20 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (22 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (24 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (26 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (28 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (30 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (32 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (34 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (36 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (38 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (40 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (42 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (44 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (46 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (48 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (50 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (52 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (54 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (56 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (58 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (60 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (62 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (64 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (66 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (68 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (70 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (72 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (74 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (76 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (78 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (80 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (82 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (84 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (86 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (88 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (90 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (92 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (94 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (96 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (98 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (100 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (102 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (104 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (106 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (108 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (110 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (112 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (114 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (116 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (118 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (120 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (122 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (124 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (126 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (128 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (130 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (132 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (154 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (156 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (160 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (162 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (164 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (166 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (168 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (170 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (172 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (174 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (176 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (178 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (180 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (182 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (184 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (190 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (210 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (216 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (218 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (220 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (222 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (224 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (226 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (228 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (236 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (238 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (244 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (248 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
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Buick (260 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (262 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (264 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (266 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (268 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (270 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (272 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (274 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (276 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (278 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (280 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (282 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (284 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (286 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (288 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (290 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (292 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (294 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (296 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (298 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (300 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (302 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (304 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (306 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (308 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (310 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (312 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (314 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (316 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (318 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (320 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (322 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (324 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (326 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (328 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (330 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (332 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (334 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (336 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (338 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (340 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (342 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (344 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (346 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (348 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (350 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (352 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (354 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (356 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (358 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (360 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (362 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (364 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (366 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (368 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (370 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (372 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (374 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (376 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (378 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (380 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (382 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (384 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (386 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (388 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (390 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (392 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (394 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (396 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (398 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (400 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (402 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (404 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (406 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (408 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (410 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (412 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (414 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (416 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (418 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (420 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (422 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (424 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (426 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (428 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (430 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (432 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (434 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (436 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (438 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (440 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (442 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (444 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (446 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (448 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (450 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (452 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (454 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (456 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (458 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (460 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (462 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (464 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (466 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (468 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (470 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (472 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (474 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (476 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (478 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (480 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (482 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (484 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (486 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (488 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (490 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (492 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (494 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (496 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (498 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (500 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (502 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (504 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (506 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (508 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (510 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (512 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (514 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (516 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (518 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (520 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (522 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (524 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (526 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (528 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (530 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (532 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (534 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (536 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (538 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (540 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (542 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (544 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (546 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (548 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (550 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (552 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (554 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (556 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (558 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (560 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (562 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (564 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (566 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (568 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (570 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (572 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (574 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (576 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (578 cyl.)	A	A			

habitually rose at six in the morning, he was in the theatre at eight, and except for an hour at noon, which he passed at home, he remained there till midnight. He sometimes worked all night with his pen, at such times drinking cold tea as a stimulant. His favorite wine was sherry, but he drank very little, at any time, and he never used tobacco.

Daly's personal peculiarities were many and striking. He was unusually tall, but he sacrificed some of the appearance of height by reason of a habitual stoop. His limbs were long and thin. He customarily dressed in black clothes, and like many old-time Southerners (he was a native of Plymouth, N. C., of Irish extraction, born July 20, 1838), he wore high-heeled boots, the tops of which extended up, under his trouser legs, almost to the knees. He was exceedingly nervous, and when seated, at rehearsal, he had a trick of twining one leg around the other and then, unknowingly, of working one boot half off. When in that position, if anything occurred, in the business of the scene, which he desired to alter, he would attempt to rise and, in consequence of his pedal entanglement, would violently propel himself through the air like a corkscrew spring, unwinding—to the great, if secret, joy of the assembled company.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN AUTOCRAT

HIS eyes were extraordinarily beautiful—blue-gray in color, large, with long and dark, characteristically Irish lashes. His forehead was broad and expressive of intellect. His voice was musical and strong, but, ordinarily, it was imperious. In expository speaking he had a trick of swinging one clenched hand from the level of his chest, sidewise, down, and backward to arm's length, drooping his jaw and uttering his words with a sort of drawl. In social conversation he spoke simply and earnestly, but he was not a talker. He was an excellent reader. When he read a play to his company—as in the earlier part of his managerial career he

did, in the case of almost every play he produced—he elucidated the full meaning of the text, made every character visible and comprehensible, and indicated the stage business suitable to each person and scene. Before a public audience he was constrained. He could not deliver public speeches, and when called before the curtain he contented himself with a few murmured words and a bow.

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

IN latter years Daly had begun to feel the loneliness that settles on the mind as friends die, and things change, and the long familiar environment drifts away, and the new age comes on. His active career had extended over nearly thirty years, and, as a rule, no person remains a much longer time than that conspicuously in the public eye. "My audience," he said to me, toward the last, "seems to be different from what it was. The people are new. I am growing weary of trying to please them." And then he spoke of plans, of, rather, dreams, we had sometimes entertained, of going abroad and settling in some quiet nook in rural England. I suppose he was dimly conscious of failing health and flagging energy. I do not believe, however, he would have been content to retire. He certainly did not expect the end, which came so suddenly. Death took him by surprise. He had not completed his sixty-first year when he passed away. He was a rare personality, the representative and greatest theatrical manager America has produced. He was not generally and rightly recognized in life, and he has received nothing like justice since his death. He could be irresistibly charming when he chose to be so—blithe, gentle, affectionate—but toward most persons he chose to be frigid.

I remember him as genial, confiding, kind, outspoken, and sincere; and, more and more, as the years pass away, I see how great he was in his vocation, and what a calamity the loss of him was for the American stage.

A Partnership in Fires

(Continued from page 9)

these are but incidental fires. When it comes to the fires which the public adjuster is arranging from the beginning—he is faced at once by a quandary. Very rarely can he obtain the policies himself; and to do so would in general link him altogether too closely to the fire. This is where the broker is needed. He, as I have explained many times already, has the power to force almost any and every class of business upon the companies. He procures the policies.

One of the most notorious brokers recently indicted in Chicago is said to be a large stockholder in the brokerage concern which procured the insurance policies for his biggest jobs. Robert Rubin, the adjuster just convicted in New York, worked through a chain of brokers.

But there is still the honest man who has had an accidental fire, or whose store or loft has been gutted by a fire set by some criminal fellow tenant. Will the honest man who has so suffered go with a fake fire marshal and sign contracts at midnight?

He will not. He lets his visitors know that he goes with all insurance questions to his insurance broker.

And well does the broker know it! The broker is waiting for his visit next morning.

"At first," to quote Public Adjuster Thrasher Hall again, "your broker—the sly old fox!—is undecided whether you had better employ an adjuster or not. But if he concludes you need one, he knows a very responsible man in the business that he will recommend. And that 'responsible adjuster' will be recommended in due time!"

That is, the honest fire sufferer, whose fire has often been to him the greatest of human calamities this side of death itself, goes to his insurance broker, as to a friend and counselor, for advice. What help he needs could in general be given him by the broker himself in half an hour. And what the broker does—well knowing that his advice will be taken, and with never a word as to his own huge rake-off on the transaction—is to turn his client over to an individual who will, in almost every case, either take the last penny out of him, or seek to turn him

into a third partner in this business of making crooked profits from fires.

\$30,000 A YEAR FROM FIRES

ACCORDING to William M. Bament, the head of the loss department of the Home Insurance Company, almost all losses of any account pass through the hands of some public adjuster, reputable or disreputable. Remember, too, that only in the most exceptional fires is any public adjuster really needed. And in the great majority of cases there is "the divvy."

There are numbers of brokers, according to Mr. Bament, who are making more money from fires than from writing insurance. Some are making more than \$30,000 from fires. According to another well-known "loss man," there are New York brokers who say they could not, now, run their offices without such dividends.

To quote a broker himself: "Very little business would be done by many brokers and insurance agents if it were only the commission on the policy which they were working for. It is the adjustment of the expected fire loss that these agents want; and if fires do not result, in a fair number of instances, business is considered very poor."

REPUTABLE VS. DISREPUTABLE

THE more outwardly reputable the broker, the greater his value to the public adjuster, for such a broker can deliver a larger and a better run of business. And again, well does the outwardly reputable broker know it.

"Occasionally," says the Losses and Adjustments Report of 1910, "a public adjuster whose general run of business is notoriously bad forms a partial alliance with a few brokers of high repute; and, as these brokers ought not to be ignorant of the man's record, it is a natural inference that extra inducements have been offered in such cases."

When the broker is thoroughly disreputable, there is no length to which he will not go. "There is," says the 1913 Report on Incendiarism of the New York Fire Department, "a fairly well authenticated story of an insurance agent working in a certain district of the city who, in delivering his fire insurance policies to his



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Safety—Reliability—Economy

The Prest-O-Lite, or any other good automatic lighter, makes gas lighting superbly convenient. From the driver's seat, you can light or extinguish any or all the lamps. The flow of gas is automatically regulated by a reducing valve to produce exactly the proper height of flame at all times.

But should the automatic lighter ever fail—you have temporarily lost only its convenience; you are not left in the dark.

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Any lighting system that is merely convenient, without being dependable, de-

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Prest-O-Lite is not merely as good a light as any—it is absolutely the best practical road light you can get.

In Prest-O-Lite, you have a system that everybody understands; that has no serious troubles or repairs; that never keeps you waiting for a factory expert to come and restore its usefulness.

And it costs less to operate and maintain than any other efficient lighting system. Just one repair bill on any complicated, delicate system might easily cost more than years of Prest-O-Lite service.

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customers, always slipped a match under the rubber band around the policy. The suggestion was obvious." It is credibly claimed that there are now brokers who will not procure policies for certain individuals unless they will guarantee to have a fire. George Grütz, the New York broker mentioned above, had procured the policies for at least one hundred criminal fires.

But leave the criminal broker out of it altogether. Simply take the great general average. How does this "partnership in fire" work out?

THE PERFECT FIRE MACHINE

THE broker protects the public adjuster. Again and again it has been shown how complete is the sway of the broker over the insurance company. Through him alone can the big-city business come. And, though he has been a criminal a hundred times over, no company has ever dared to prosecute him. How, therefore, shall it venture to attack, or even unduly impugn, the fire claims of his partner, the public adjuster, the contributor of half his income?

The public adjuster protects the broker. The broker need have no guilty knowledge of the fire; and rarely has he any such uncomfortable information. The situation is merely this:

Every month, so many "rotten risks"—"skates," and "tough ones," and "repeaters"—come to him for insurance. Almost all of them, as he knows, have had fires before; some of them many fires. There is every probability that, within a few years, most of them will have fires again. And the broker, big or little, uses all the compelling power of his "preferred business" to get them that new insurance which, without his help, might be denied them all their lives. Is any condition attached? Only the tacit one that should a fire occur, the loss shall of course go to his particular public adjuster. The fire occurs. The public adjuster may have guilty knowledge of it. But he, too, need not have; in any case he will get the loss claim. He makes it profitable to the extent of so many hundreds, or so many thousands of dollars; and the broker gets his half.

Each assists and protects the other. And automatically, like the two sides of a shell, between them they protect the criminal—who is thereby enabled to go on and produce always larger and more profitable fires.

We hear of dark "arson trust" conspiracies hatched stealthily in the parlors of the Levee and the East Side. The real arson trust is meeting every minute in the front offices of the great insurance buildings of LaSalle and William Streets.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE COMPANIES

AND now what of the attitude of our great insurance companies? What action, what help in ending this thing, can be expected from them?

There is, of course, only one thing which can end it—complete and unsparring exposure. And only from the opened records of our insurance companies can such exposure come.

More than a year ago the fullest opportunity for such an exposure was offered by this magazine. It was offered first to certain great companies individually.

The answering plea was that no company could act alone. "They [the brokers] would blacklist us in a minute," said the president of one of them.

That being so, they were then offered the opportunity to take united action. If it be true that our great companies would, unitedly, prefer to do half the amount of business at honest rates rather than continue doing their present huge business at rates which can be commanded only by arson, here and now was a chance for them to prove it. And, as the representative of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, I began to go from one insurance committee to another.

The chairman of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters is Henry W. Eaton. I was not able to see him, in person. But his deputy manager, George W. Hoyt, "did not think the question was one with which it was within his province to deal." He referred me to the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Its general agent, Mr. W. E. Mallalieu, "could not feel that the question came within its province. It was true that the National Board possessed a Committee on Arson and Incendiarism. But it was not a committee which could take action in such a case as this." He referred me to Mr. Samuel R. Weed, the chairman of the Committee on Losses and Adjustments.

"It is true," said Mr. Samuel R. Weed, "that nine public adjusters in ten are rascals. But we mustn't lean too heavy on them, you know."

I was next referred to Mr. Frank Lock of the New York Board, and who, it seemed, was looked to as "the spokesman of the insurance business."

He called before him the head of his own loss department, and asked him a series of solemn and searching questions: Was it actually a fact that in New York the public adjuster divided his earnings with the broker?

This undreamed-of condition, according to that loss department man, did actually and in very fact exist!

But could it be said to be in any sense a general practice?

It was a practice which his informant feared was in New York almost universal!

Whereupon I was referred by Mr. Lock to Mr. Weed, Mr. Mallalieu, and Mr. Hoyt.

Why tell the whole miserable story of shuffling and evasion? In Chicago the companies plead that the conditions which there have existed for years were known to former State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman, and that the said Wayman is now acting as counsel for many of those indicted for arson. All of which might be true. But ten lines to any Chicago newspaper would have been enough. And try to conceive the New York Clearing House sharing an office building with a known and notorious green goods man!

Some of the worst of Chicago's public adjusters have been able in many cases to go into the companies' offices, and, with every evidence of good will, procure insurance policies.

Some have been employed by certain companies as appraisers.

When, a short time before his arrest for arson, the most notorious of Chicago's public adjusters gave one of his champagne suppers, men in the service of the companies, among them a representative of the Western Adjustment and Inspection Company, the official Loss Committee of Chicago insurance, attended it.

At the recent trial of Henry G. Freeman, for years one of New York's most notorious public adjusters, six insurance company representatives testified to his good character, and did all in their power to prevent his conviction. There were representatives of other insurance companies which testified as strongly against him.

When State's Attorney Hoyne of Chicago had been for only a month investigating that city's "arson trust," he openly charged that certain insurance companies worked with the fire bugs, that for this service they were given protection from fires. And this must stand as being the truth until convincing proofs to the contrary have been given.

FIRE GRAFT IN MILLIONS

WHAT does the public adjuster add to our fire bill?

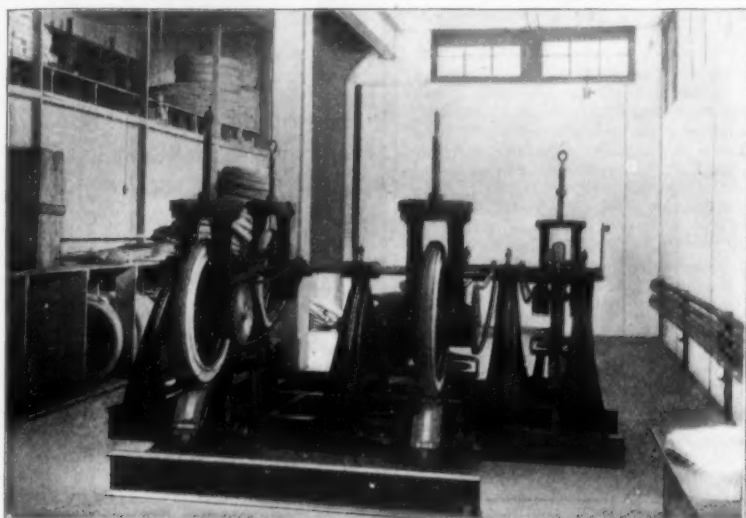
He increases it, of course, by the fires he arranges from the beginning. One of Chicago's best-known "touch-off men," Ben Fink confessed, March 11, that for one Chicago adjusting firm he has set fires giving a loss of more than \$1,000,000.

Leave all that. Take only those fire losses, honest or criminal, into which the public adjuster enters after the event.

In a recent Newark leather fire, where about \$90,000 in all was paid by the insurance companies, the public adjuster had \$30,000 of it. "We have one gentleman of this profession in —," writes a leading Canadian insurance lawyer, "who boasts of having obtained \$65,000 more than the assured should have had in the settlement of a large wholesale dry goods loss." But I shall take my figures only from New York. "Say," said a new "night-hawk" runner one night to a New York fireman, "this is simply—simply the greatest graft you ever knew!" And, beyond a doubt, it is.

In 1903 Max Kornfeld, a New York public adjuster then convicted of arson, estimated that the crooked public adjuster fraudulently increases the amount of loss indemnity which must be paid by insurance companies on an average from 30 to 40 per cent. In 1913 a Chicago adjuster puts the increase at one half. Though the honest man will not let you increase his loss by 5 per cent, there are now ways of increasing the crook's loss by 200. And, in 1913, there must be increase enough to pay "the divvy." We come now to the explanation of one of New York's

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This machine runs night and day, year after year. It is wearing out four tires at a time under actual road conditions.

It is in our department of research and experiment—a department which costs us \$100,000 yearly.

There scores of our experts—mostly technical graduates—seek ways to better tires. And this machine tells when they get them.

On this machine we have compared

240 formulas and fabrics—compared them by actual mileage.

We compare materials, methods and processes. We compare rival tires with our own.

For years and years we have done this—done it by metered mileage. Thus year by year we have found out ways to better Goodyear tires.

And the Goodyear tires you get today are the final result of this testing. So far as present knowledge goes, they represent the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Your Meter Will Confirm Our Tests

For your own sake, make similar comparisons. Compare these tires with others.

Our meter shows that we've secured the lowest cost per mile. Your meter will confirm it.

Countless meters have.

More than two million Goodyear tires have gone into use. They have probably been tested on 300,000 cars.

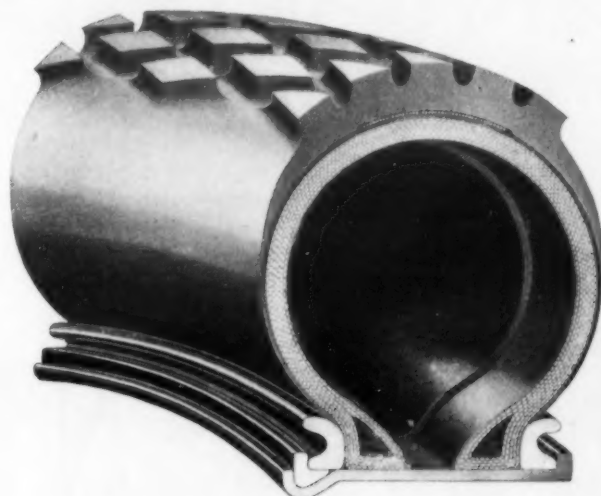
As a result, men have told each other how Goodyear tires cut upkeep.

Sales have doubled over and over, until these tires by far outsell every other tire in existence.

Mileage Did It

Don't assume that this great success came without ample reason. Men are not fooled on tires.

In the past 12 months we have sold



Each Tire is Double-Cured

Each Goodyear tire is partly cured before the tread is added. The complete tire then goes through another curing.

Thus every part is vulcanized exactly as it should be.

Each is partly cured on an iron

core. Then the curing is finished on air bags.

This process, we think, is used by us alone. It is the most expensive process known. But it has brought our cost of replacement, under our warrant, down to eight-tenths of one per cent.

The Two Most Vital Savings

But the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires did most to cut tire bills down.

That tire, which we still control, wiped out the waste of rim-cutting. And that means enormous saving. Statistics show that 23 per cent of all old-type tires become rim-cut.

Then these new-type tires are 10 per cent over rated size. That means one-tenth more air capacity. And that with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together have saved motor car owners a good many millions of dollars.

Our Profit

We can give such tires at the Goodyear price because of the following facts:

We make more tires than any other plant. Our equipment is new and modern. We believe our making cost, quality considered, to be the lowest that exists.

Our capital cost is extremely low, because we have clung to small capitalization.

Our average profit last year was \$2.90 per tire, figuring no interest on millions of capital invested.

That is on tires which cost all the way from \$15.55 to \$104.95, according to size and type.

Those are the reasons why tires that can't rim-cut—oversize tires—tires built as we build them—are sold at the Goodyear price. Judge for yourself if any maker can give you greater value.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(1070)

Everybody Can Afford To Pay For The Clean Flour

MOST people think all flour is clean because it looks clean. When wheat comes to the mill the crease in the wheat kernel is full of dirt. Unless every kernel is washed, and scoured, and the flour thoroughly purified by the most modern machinery, the dirt is ground up with the wheat, remains in the flour, and goes into the bread. You then pay for the dirt in the flour, so much per pound, and of course the dirt has no food value. Bread made from cheap flour which is not clean contains less nourishment,—it gets stale quicker and costs the family more in the end than bread made from higher priced flour.

The Guaranteed Flour OCCIDENT

is made from such high quality wheat and goes through so many washing, scouring and purifying processes that we are able to put a Money-Back Guarantee in every sack. We guarantee OCCIDENT Flour

to make whiter, lighter, better tasting bread, biscuit, cake and pastry than any other flour, and more of it per sack. If it fails to please you for all baking, your money will be refunded without argument.

Costs More —Worth It Because of its extra cleanliness OCCIDENT bread stays fresh and sweet longer than other bread. You can bake a double batch. This saves the work and fuel expense of many baking days. Every housewife should test the keeping qualities of OCCIDENT bread.

Send For Our Free Booklet
"Better Baking"

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis U. S. A.



great, long-standing, and unfathomable insurance mysteries which is this:

For years the amount paid by the insurance companies to indemnify for fire losses in New York has been from thirty to fifty per cent greater than the total loss as tabulated by the fire marshal!

The Baltimore and San Francisco conflagrations showed that at the outside only 80 per cent of all property destroyed by fire is covered by insurance. That means that if a big city's total fire loss is \$10,000,000, then \$8,000,000 should be the total of insurance loss payments. New York's fire losses are carefully estimated by the fire marshal's office, which estimates are accepted and published yearly by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. During the years 1907, 1908, and 1909 New York's fire losses, insured and uninsured, as so estimated, averaged \$8,583,142. A fair insurance indemnity would, then, have been about \$6,866,000. The average annual "adjusted loss total" during those three years was \$11,739,000! In 1910 this huge discrepancy was greater still. In 1911 the actual insured loss, at the 80 per cent ratio, was about \$9,976,000. What the gentlemen who had the fires, the public adjusters, and their partners, the brokers, really received was about \$17,000,000. The complete figures for 1912 are not as yet obtainable. But it is virtually certain that once more the discrepancy has been growing wider.

HONEST POLICY HOLDERS PAY

THIS discrepancy may be called the fire graft of New York. And—\$5,000,000, \$6,000,000, \$7,000,000—whatever the figure may grow to, that will always be only the half. For, to make good the fire losses, the honest New York insurer has never had to pay less than two dollars in insurance premiums. Automatically, then, the real tax for fire graft becomes \$10,000,000, \$12,000,000, \$14,000,000. And once more mark it well, the insurance companies do not pay it. As the criminal loss increases, the insurance rates levied upon the million honest insurers are simply raised proportionately. The insurance business makes the collection, keeps approximately half of the \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 or \$14,000,000 for itself as collection charges, and gives the criminal the rest.

The greater the collection, the greater the profits to insurance! Do you wonder now that the business does not wish "to lean too heavy" on the public adjuster?

A few months ago much ado was made when it was estimated that New York paid some \$2,400,000 a year in gambling graft. For our fire graft about six times as much is paid. And the man who pays it is not a crook paying for criminal protection. You pay it and I pay it. Everyone pays. And by paying we support a partnership whose menace to ourselves and to the whole community makes that of gambling seem almost negligible.

Now, for years this thing has been the scandal and shame of American insurance. Every insurance man knows of it. Every blue-shirted fireman in his first year learns of it; enough of them have gone to their deaths because of it. The accumulated tale of corruption, ruin, and death to its account can never be told.

When one old New York deputy chief learned that the exposure was to come at last, he lifted up both hands and cried: "Go to it! Go to it! And the Lord be with you!"

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR DECENT INSURANCE

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the insurance broker, George Grütz, pleaded that in taking his "rake-off" on fires he did only what all fire insurance brokers did, Assistant District Attorney Weller said in his summing up: "If there is any greater incentive for a fire insurance broker to share in arson with the public adjuster, will you tell me what it is? Has not he every wish and impulse and desire to have fires? Is not that what his business is? I say it is infamous. It should not be permitted to exist."

Here, then, is an opportunity for decent insurance to stand out and show itself. The broker who is not taking these profits on fires can open his books and prove it. The books of those who are, can be opened by any duly appointed authority. It was in New York that this partnership began, and merely from civic honor, it is for New York to end it. If it does not, there are other ways of ending it. For notice is hereby given to every foreign merchant that in New York, the greatest trading port in the world, the insurance seller who writes the policies on his stock of goods has, most probably, a twentyfold interest in seeing those goods destroyed.

The Price of Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

beginning with the issue of May 3 will be 5c a copy or \$2.50 a year

EVERY PRESENT SUBSCRIBER

will then receive 2 copies for each 1 copy still due

If your subscription has a whole year or but a single week to run, it will be extended to double the length of time—no matter what it is. For example:

You, whose subscriptions under present arrangements at the 10-cent price have 52 weeks to run, will receive Collier's for 104 weeks.

You, whose subscriptions under present arrangements at the 10-cent price have 16 weeks or 20 weeks or 6 weeks still to run, will receive Collier's for 32 or 40 or 12 weeks respectively.

In other words the unexpired part of your subscription will be doubled when the new 5-cent price goes into effect with the issue of May 3d and you will receive Collier's for twice the time your subscription still has to run at that date.



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

United States Tires

cut down
tire bills



GOLDEN RULE Food Products

are listed in the

Westfield Book of Pure Foods

You can buy them direct from the factory. We don't require you to pay a profit to the wholesaler nor to the retailer.

When you make a safe investment at 25% less than the usual price you think you are doing well. You have to invest in food products to live; why not apply the same rule and save money on this investment? Does this interest you in these days of the "high cost of living"? Young men wanted as salesmen. Experience unnecessary. Splendid opportunity for advancement. Write.

The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Co.
Columbus, O.

This Canoe is a Masterpiece

The test of a canoe is not looks. Will it paddle and sail true? Is it light or does it drag your arms out? Will it last? "The Old Town Canoe" answers every canoe query 100% perfect. Beautifully proportioned, beautifully balanced. Light as a feather. True as an arrow.

All planks long lengths, fastened at each rib with 4 copper tacks, clinched. Agents everywhere. 3000 canoes in stock insure prompt deliveries. Our illustrated, descriptive catalog tells all the facts of honest canoe building. Sent free.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 244 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Arithstyle

Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, COMPUTING MACHINE
Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.
Easily moved, neat, light, carried in hand or pocket. 5 lbs. x 11 1/2 in. x 1 in. Weight, 30 oz.
Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.
Arithstyle Co., Suite 704, 118 E. 29th St., N. Y.



ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCE
Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds. Write for free catalogue and special offer. Complete line of Farm Fences, Gates, etc.
WARD FENCE CO., 201 Main St., Decatur, Ind.



Living At the Ritz

At the Hotel Ritz in Paris you'd expect an ideal cuisine.

We have brought to our kitchens a famous chef from the Ritz.

And a million homes now share his service when they buy Van Camp's.

The only way to get a dish like this is to join these million others.

The beans are grown on a special soil, very rich in nitrogen.

The tomatoes are grown from special seed, and ripened on the vines.

Some of the spices come 10,000 miles, solely for use in this sauce.

To bake beans like these one must have costly ovens, surrounded with superheated steam.

One must bake the tomato sauce with the beans, so the flavor goes all through.

One must select young, corn-fed pork.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS
"The National Dish"

Note what it means to do this.

Every bean in Van Camp's is nut-like, mealy and whole.

The zest is delicious. No-where else do you find a sauce like it.

The beans come to your table with the fresh oven flavor, because of our sterilization.

The ablest of chefs supervise the production. So you get in Van Camp's a superlative dish—the very utmost in baked beans.

Does it pay?

We will leave the answer to you and yours. Serve a few cans and decide for yourself.

If you think that it does, then insist on Van Camp's whenever you buy baked beans.

Three sizes:

10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.
Estab. 1861 (237) Indianapolis, Ind.

Kâramanèh

(Continued from page 17)

centered always about the London river. Undoubtedly it was his highway, his line of communication along which he moved his mysterious forces. The opium den off Shadwell Highway, the mansion upstream, at that hour a smoldering shell; now the hulk lying off the marshes. Always he made his headquarters upon the river. It was significant, and even if tonight's expedition should fail, this was a clue for our future guidance.

"Bear to the right," directed Smith. "We must reconnoiter before making our attack."

WE took a path that led directly to the river bank. Before us lay the gray expanse of water, and out upon it moved the busy shipping of the great mercantile city. But this life of the river seemed widely removed from us. The lonely spot where we stood had no kinship with human activity. Its dreariness illuminated by the brilliant moon, it looked indeed a fit setting for an act in such a drama as that wherein we played our parts. When I had lain in the East End opium den, when upon such another night as this I had looked out upon a peaceful Norfolk countryside, the same knowledge of aloofness, of utter detachments from the world of living men, had come to me.

Silently Smith stared out at the distant moving lights.

"Kâramanèh merely means a slave," he said, irrelevantly.

I made no comment.

"There's the hulk," he added.

The bank upon which we stood dipped in mud slopes to the level of the running tide. Seaward it rose higher; and by a narrow inlet—for we perceived that we were upon a kind of promontory—a rough pier showed. Beneath it was a shadowy shape in the patch of gloom which the moon threw far out upon the softly eddying water. Only one dim light was visible amid this darkness.

"That will be the cabin," said Smith.

Acting upon our prearranged plan, we turned and walked up on to the staging above the hulk. A wooden ladder led out and down to the deck below and was loosely lashed to a ring on the pier. With every motion of the tidal waters the ladder rose and fell; its rings creaking harshly against the crazy railing.

"How are we going to get down without being detected?" whispered Smith.

"We've got to risk it," I said grimly.

WITHOUT further words my friend climbed around on to the ladder and commenced to descend. I waited until his head disappeared below the level, and, clumsily enough, prepared to follow him.

The hulk at that moment giving an unusually heavy heave, I stumbled—and for one breathless moment looked down upon the glittering surface streaking the darkness beneath me. My foot had slipped, and but that I had a firm grip upon the top rung, that instant, most probably, had marked the end of my share in the fight with Fu-Manchu. As it was, I had a narrow escape. I felt something slip from my hip pocket, but the weird creaking of the ladder, the groans of the laboring hulk, and the lapping of the waves about the staging, drowned the sound of the splash—as my revolver dropped into the river.

Rather white-faced, I think, I joined Smith on the deck. He had witnessed my accident but—

"We must risk it," he whispered in my ear. "We dare not turn back now."

He plunged into the semidarkness, making for the cabin, I perforce following.

At the bottom of the ladder we came fully into the light streaming out from the singular apartment at the entrance to which we found ourselves. It was fitted up as a laboratory. A glimpse I had of shelves loaded with jars and bottles, of a table strewn with scientific paraphernalia, with retorts, with tubes of extraordinary shapes, holding living organisms, and with instruments—some of them of a form unknown to my experience. I saw, too, that books, papers, and rolls of parchment littered the bare wooden floor. Then Smith's voice rose above the confused sounds about me, incisive, commanding:

"I have you covered, Dr. Fu-Manchu!"

For Fu-Manchu sat at the table!

THE picture that he presented at that moment is one which persistently clings in my memory. In his long, yellow

(Continued on page 38)

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

Convenient in form, attractive in appearance, deliciously sweet, delightful in flavor and goodness. These are the attributes that make Nabisco Sugar Wafers the most tempting of dessert confections. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—The newest dessert confection—a filled sugar wafer—entirely sweet.
FLSTINO:—An almond-shaped dessert confection with the most exquisite of creamy centers.
CHOCOLATE TOKENS:—A delectable confection covered with sweet, rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Your Grocer Has Ready For You

the luscious fruit of Tropical Hawaii; picked when fully ripened, canned where grown with pure cane sugar and sealed in its richest flavor in sanitary cans. You can buy it sliced, crushed or grated.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

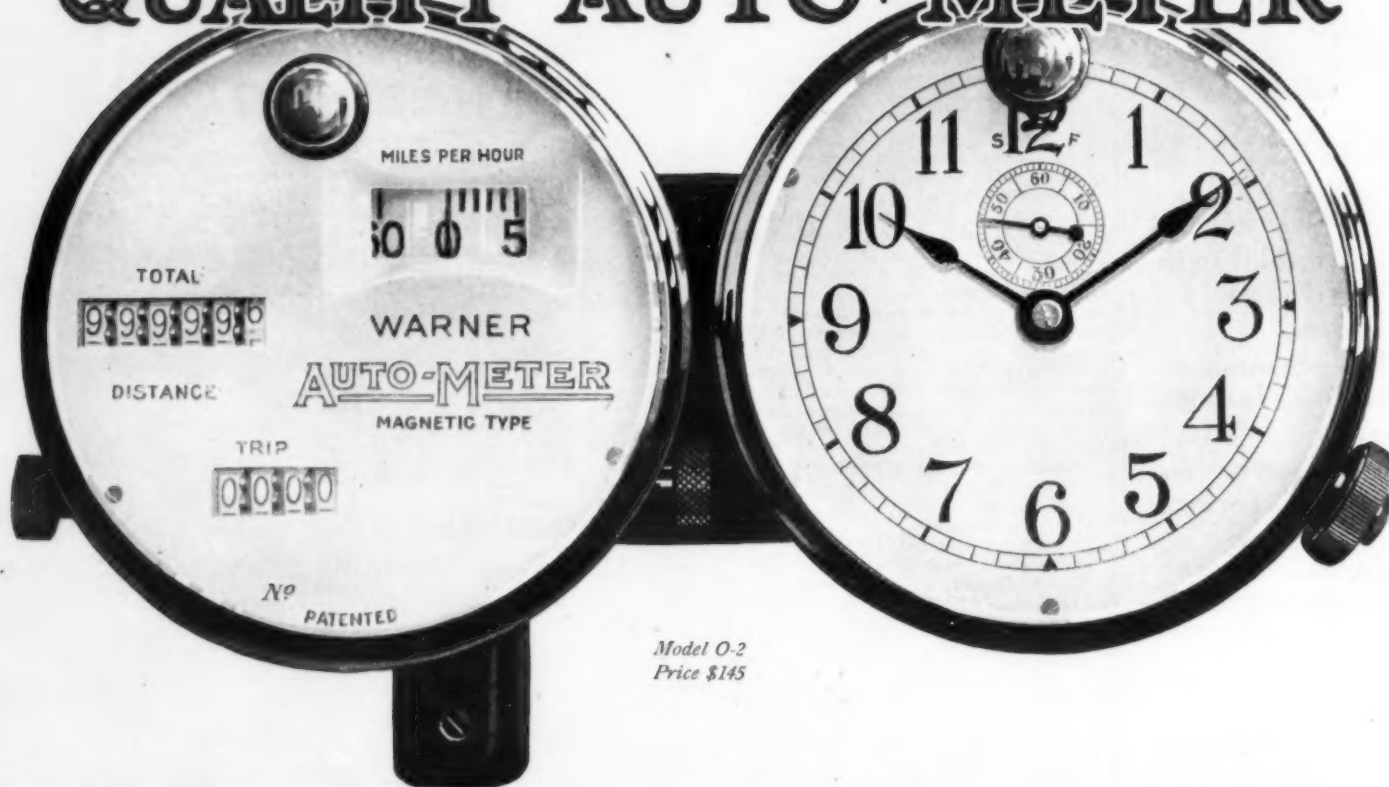
The fruit delicacy without a rival
"Picked Ripe" "Canned Right"

Always ask for Hawaiian, no matter what brand, so long as it comes from Hawaii. Sold everywhere.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS' ASSOCIATION
Honolulu, Hawaii

WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER



THE QUALITY SPEEDOMETER

For High Priced Automobiles

The Warner Auto-Meter has so firmly fixed and established itself, as the quality speedometer, that this current year over 90% of all the high priced cars made will carry it as a regular part of the car.

This is a significant tribute and a great triumph.

When you further consider that the Warner is higher priced than any other speedometer you can better realize what complete supremacy the Warner has attained.

In fact, Warner success is now about 100% for you have to hunt to find a high priced car that is not Warner equipped. Car makers gladly pay the additional price for Warner quality.

The majority of the leading manufacturers of high priced cars refuse to equip their cars with any other speedometer. Each requires that the speedometer be equal in quality to their car—they insist on the quality Warner. All these big producers could have had any number of other speedometers for a great deal less money. They pay 100% more for the Warner, because they know it's worth the money.

Buyers of high priced cars have learned through experience to know what is best and to insist on getting the best for the money they spend. If they pay twice as much for a high priced car they naturally expect—and demand—twice as much value in the car and its equipment. Car makers know that the Warner Auto-Meter is the only speedometer possessing the quality necessary to satisfy this critical

demand. When they equip their cars with the quality Warner they know that they have "gone the limit." They know there is—and can be—no better. Cars that are Warner equipped have everything in keeping with Warner quality—*those touches of refinement that make the purchaser willing to pay double the price for the car.*

Warner list prices are always maintained. They are never cut. They cost the same in Portland, Maine, as in Portland, Oregon.

Then again Warner has an international service behind it. Not merely a few agencies scattered promiscuously in different parts of the country, but a permanent service station in nearly every important city in the world. And at each one of these stations is a force of factory trained experts.

We have more money invested in service stations and employ more people than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined. This is mentioned merely to bring out and emphasize the fact, that we have the facilities and organization to give speedometer service that is unequalled by that of any other organization in the entire industry.

The Warner Auto-Meter is absolutely accurate under all conditions. Each instrument is compensated at our factory (like a high priced watch), therefore it must register with absolute precision in all temperatures and under all conditions. When it leaves our factory it is accurate for all time.

WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER

The First and Foremost Magnetic Speedometer

The Principle that Revolutionized the Speedometer Industry

The Warner Auto-Meter was the first magnetic speedometer built. It was invented about eight years ago. Then came three years of ceaseless experiments in actual use, and under all conditions. It was placed on touring cars, town cars, racing cars, cars in the mountains, cars on the farm, cars in tropical countries and cars in the freezing countries. It was tried in high altitudes and low altitudes. It was given the most severe series of practical, exacting and exhaustive tests that it could possibly be put to. And under every condition it proved up perfect in accuracy, reliability, durability and wear.

All these lavish, extraordinary, and costly experiments *were made at our own expense, and not at the expense of the public*—which is the usual way.

These highly successful experiments enabled us to guarantee the elimination of all of the old troubles the other speedometers were subject to, such as twisting

shafts, quivering hand indicators; irregularities due to climatic changes, unreliable speed and mileage indications and wearing parts which caused no end of inaccuracies.

Five years ago the magnetic speedometer was formally placed on the market. You can follow and judge its success by the following figures. During its first year 10% of all the speedometers used on automobiles were magnetic; during its second year 15% were magnetic; during its third year 50% were magnetic; during its fourth year 70% were magnetic; during its fifth

year 80% were magnetic; and during its sixth year (1913) over 85% of all the speedometers to be manufactured in America will be built on the successful and practical magnetic principle.

In fact, conditions have so completely reversed themselves that today you rarely find an automobile of any kind that is not equipped with a magnetic speedometer. Need more be said?

How to Identify a Magnetic Speedometer: Look for the Rotating Dial



If it hasn't the Rotating Dial it isn't Magnetic

97% of all High Priced Cars that will be made during 1913 will be equipped with the Quality Warner—The foremost Magnetic Speedometer. Here is the list:—

American	Cole	Marion	Pilot	Overland
Detroit-Electric	Cunningham	Matheson	Republic	Garford
Armleder	Flanders	Mercer	Minerva	Maxwell
Austin	Franklin	Midland	S G V	Peerless
Benz	Grinnell	Marmon	Simplex	Henderson
Delaunay-Belleville	Cino	Lexington	Stafford	Pathfinder
Buffalo Electric	Hupp-Yeats	Ohio Electric	Staver	Stoddard-Dayton
Cadillac	Stutz	Olds	Stearns	Columbia
Case	Lozier	Paterson	Stevens-Duryea	Lyons-Knight
Chalmers	McFarlan	Pierce-Arrow	Vera	Premier

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Dept. 14, Beloit, Wisconsin

International Service

Service stations in every important city in the world



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE bathroom made sanitary and beautiful with "Standard" fixtures—is an investment in cleanliness and comfort from which the whole family draw daily dividends in pleasure and in health. The Guarantee Label each piece bears, is our specific assurance to you of highest sanitary quality and a long life of splendid service.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the re-

quirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine unless it bears the guarantee label. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 38, PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York.....35 West 31st Street
Chicago.....900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia.....1215 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can.....59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....105 Federal Street
St. Louis.....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans.....Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.

Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319 23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can.....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London.....57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex.....Preston and Smith Sts.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio.....311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex.....Front and Jones Sts.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Special selection Diamond-set Jewelry at a saving of one-third to one-half. LaValieres, Rings, Ear Screws, Stick Pins and Studs. Mountings are 14k solid gold—except N-51, N-60 and N-61, which are platinum. Fine, brilliant white diamonds, full of fire and radiance.

Your choice of any of these handsome pieces on our usual liberal CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance divided into 8 equal amounts—payable monthly. Order today.

Send for free Jewelry Catalog, explaining our Easy Credit Plan. Any article sent for your examination, charges prepaid. We want you to see for yourself that you can save money by sending to us when in need of a diamond watch, artistic jewelry, etc.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Diamond Cutters Dept. M887 108 N. State Street CHICAGO, ILL. Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa. and St. Louis, Mo.

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Take time to select garters that will give you perfect satisfaction—time enough to say

PARIS GARTERS

The name is on the back of the shield

25c-50c

A. Stein & Co., Makers
898 Chicago and New York

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. Trade-Mark. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.
The Man who put the EEs in FEET.

Anyone Who Uses Figures Needs It
For General Office or Personal Desk Over 40,000 in use Mostly sold through Recommendation Buy from your Stationer or order direct Price lists on handbooks. Money refunded if not satisfactory after 10 days' trial. Ref. Century Bldg., N. Y.—Jefferson Branch—Agents Wanted.
O. Gancher A. A. H. Co. N. Y. 310 Broadway

robe, his masklike, intellectual face bent forward among the riot of singular objects upon the table, his great, high brow gleaming in the light of the shaded lamp above him, and with the abnormal eyes, filmed and green, raised to us—he seemed a figure from the realms of delirium.

SOME of the large jars about the place held anatomy specimens. A faint smell of opium hung in the air—and playing with the tassel of one of the cushions upon which, as upon a divan, Fu-Manchu was seated, leaped and chattered a little marmoset!

That was an electric moment. I was prepared for anything—for anything except for what really happened.

The doctor's wonderful, evil face betrayed no hint of emotion. The lids flickered over the filmed eyes and their greenness grew momentarily brighter—and filmed over again.

"Put up your hands!" rapped Smith, "and attempt no tricks." His voice quivered with excitement. "The game's up, Fu-Manchu. Find something to tie him up with, Petrie."

I moved forward to Smith's side, and was about to pass him in the narrow doorway. The hulk moved beneath our feet like a living thing—groaning, creaking; and the water lapped about the rotten woodwork with a sound infinitely dreary. "Put up your hands!" ordered Smith imperatively.

Fu-Manchu slowly raised his hands, and a smile dawned upon the impassive features—a smile that had no mirth in it, only menace, revealing as it did his even discolored teeth, but leaving the filmed eyes inanimate—dull, inhuman.

He spoke softly, sibilantly. "I would advise Dr. Petrie to glance behind him before he moves."

Smith's keen gray eyes never for a moment quitted the speaker. The gleaming barrel moved not a hair's breadth. But I glanced quickly over my shoulder—and stifled a cry of pure horror.

A WICKED, pock-marked face, with wolfish fangs bared, and jaundiced eyes squinting obliquely into mine, was within two inches of me! A lean brown hand and arm, the great thumbs standing up like cords, held a crescent-shaped knife a fraction of an inch above my jugular vein! A slight movement must have dispatched me; a sweep of the fearful weapon I doubt not would have severed my head from my body.

"Smith!" I whispered hoarsely, "don't look around; for God's sake keep him covered. A dacoit has his knife at my throat!"

Then for the first time Smith's hand trembled. But his glance never wavered from the malignant, emotionless countenance of Dr. Fu-Manchu. He clenched his teeth hard so that the muscles stood out prominently upon his jaw.

I suppose that silence which followed my awful discovery prevailed but a few seconds. To me those seconds were each a lingering death. There below in that groaning hulk I knew more of icy terror than any of our meetings with the murder group had brought to me before; and through my brain throbbed a thought: the girl had betrayed us!

"You supposed that I was alone?" suggested Fu-Manchu. "So I was—"

Yet no trace of fear had broken through the impassive yellow mask when we had entered!

"But my faithful servant followed you," he added. "I thank him. The honors, Mr. Smith, are mine, I think?"

Smith made no reply. I divined that he was thinking furiously. Fu-Manchu moved his hand to caress the marmoset, which had leaped playfully upon his shoulder, and crouched there gibing at us in a whistling voice.

"Don't stir!" said Smith savagely. "I warn you!"

FU-MANCHU kept his hand raised. "May I ask how you discovered my retreat?" he asked.

"This hulk has been watched since dawn!" lied Smith brazenly.

"So?" The doctor's filmed eyes cleared for a moment. "And to-day you compelled me to burn a house, and you have captured one of my people, too. I congratulate you. She would not betray me though lashed with scorpions!"

The great, gleaming knife was so near to my neck that a sheet of note paper could scarcely have been slipped between blade and vein, I think; but my heart throbbed even more wildly—when I heard those words.

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"An impasse," said Fu-Manchu. "I have a proposal to make. I assume that you would not accept my word for anything?"

"I would not!" replied Smith promptly. "Therefore," pursued the Chinaman, and the occasional guttural alone marred his perfect English, "I must accept yours! Of your resources, outside this cabin, I know nothing. You, I take it, know as little of mine. My Burmese friend and Dr. Petrie will lead the way, then; you and I will follow. We will strike out across the marsh for, say, three hundred yards. You will then place your pistol on the ground, pledging me your word to leave it there. I shall further require your assurance that you will make no attempt upon me until I have retraced my steps. I and my good servant will withdraw—leaving you, at the expiration of the specified period, to act as you see fit. Is it agreed?"

SMITH hesitated. Then—"The dacoit must leave his knife also!" he stipulated.

Fu-Manchu smiled his evil smile again. "Agreed. Shall I lead the way?"

"No!" rapped Smith. "Petrie and the dacoit first; then you; I last!"

A guttural word of command from Fu-Manchu, and we left the cabin, with its evil odors, its mortuary specimens, and its strange instruments, and in the order arranged mounted to the deck.

"It will be awkward on the ladder," said Fu-Manchu. "Dr. Petrie—I will accept your word to adhere to the terms."

"I promise!" I said, the words almost choking me.

We mounted the rising and dipping ladder, all reached the pier, and strode out across the flats, the Chinaman always under close cover of Smith's revolver. Round about our feet, now leaping ahead, now gamboling back, came and went the marmoset. The dacoit, dressed solely in a dark loin cloth, walked beside me, carrying his huge knife and sometimes glancing at me with his blood-lustful eyes. Never before, I venture to say, had an autumn moon lighted such a scene in that place.

"Here we part!" said Fu-Manchu, and spoke another word to his follower.

The man threw his knife upon the ground.

"Search him, Petrie," directed Smith. "He may have a second concealed!"

THE doctor consented; and I passed my hands over the man's scanty garments.

"Now search Fu-Manchu!"

This, also, I did. And never have I experienced a similar sense of revulsion from any human being. I shuddered as though I had touched a venomous reptile.

Smith threw down his revolver.

"I curse myself for an honorable fool!" he said. "No one could dispute my right to shoot you dead where you stand!"

Knowing him as I did, I could tell from the suppressed passion in Smith's voice that only by his unhesitating acceptance of my friend's word and implicit faith in his keeping it had Dr. Fu-Manchu escaped just retribution at that moment. Fiend though he was, I admired his courage; for all this he, too, must have known.

The doctor turned, and with the dacoit walked back. Nayland Smith's next move filled me with surprise. For just as, silently, I was thanking God for my escape, my friend began shedding his coat, collar, and waistcoat!

"Pocket your valuables and do the same!" he muttered hoarsely. "We have a poor chance, but we are both fairly fit. To-night, Petrie, we literally have to run for our lives!"

WE live in a peaceful age, wherein it falls to the lot of few men to owe their survival to their fleetness of foot. At Smith's words I realized in a flash that such was to be our fate to-night.

I have said that the hulk lay off a sort of promontory. East and west, then, we had nothing to hope for. To the south was Fu-Manchu—and even as, stripped of our heavier garments, we started to run northward, the weird signal of a dacoit rose on the night—and was answered! Was answered again!

"Three, at least!" hissed Smith; "three armed dacoits. Hopeless!"

"Take the revolver!" I cried. "Smith, it's—"

"No!" he rapped through clenched teeth. "A servant of the Crown in the East makes his motto: 'Keep your word though it break your neck!' I don't think we need fear its being used against us. Fu-Manchu avoids noisy methods."



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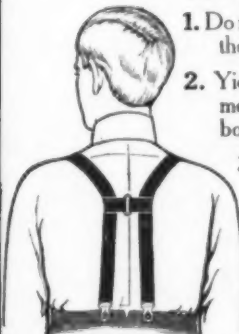
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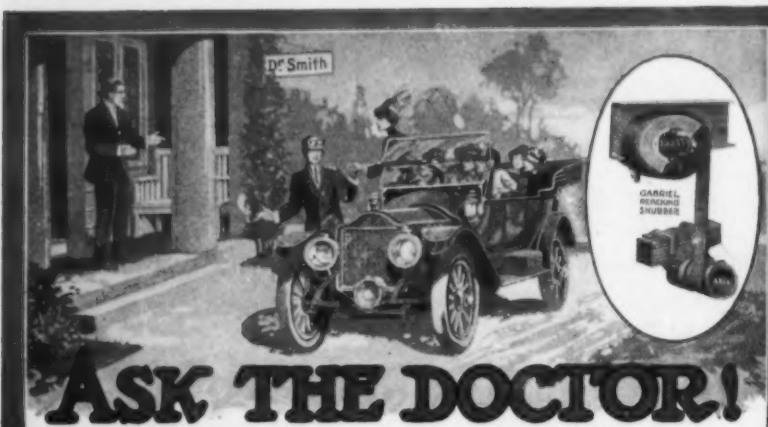
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So back we ran, over the course by which earlier we had come. It was, roughly, a mile to the first building—a deserted cottage; and another quarter mile to any that was occupied. Our chance of meeting a living soul, other than Fu-Manchu's dacoits, was practically nil.

AT first we ran easily, for it was the second half-mile that would decide our fate. The professional murderers who pursued us ran like panthers, I knew; and I dare not allow my mind to dwell upon those yellow figures with the curved, gleaming knives. For a long time neither of us looked back.

On we ran—and on—silently—doggedly. Then a hissing breath from Smith warned me what to expect.

Should I, too, look back? Yes! It was impossible to resist the horrid fascination. I threw a quick glance over my shoulder. And never while I live shall I forget what I saw. Two of the pursuing dacoits had outdistanced their fellow (or fellows) and were actually within three hundred yards of us!

More like dreadful animals they looked than human beings, running bent forward, with their faces curiously uptilted. The brilliant moonlight gleamed upon bared teeth, as I could see, even at that distance, even in that quick agonized glance; and it gleamed upon the crescent-shaped knives.

"As hard as you can go—now!" panted Smith. "We must—make an attempt—to break into the empty cottage! Only chance!"

I had never, in my younger days, been a notable runner; for Smith I cannot speak. But I am confident that the next half mile was done in time that would not have disgraced a crack man. Not once again did either of us look back. Yard upon yard we raced forward together. My heart seemed to be bursting. My leg muscles throbbed with pain. At last, with the empty cottage in sight, it came to that pass with me when another three yards looked as unattainable as three miles. Once I stumbled.

"My God!" came from Smith weakly.

BUT I recovered myself. Bare feet pattered close upon our heels and panting breaths told how even Fu-Manchu's bloodhounds were hard put to it by the killing pace we had made.

"Smith!" I whispered. "Look—in front. . . . Some one!"

As through a red mist I had seen a dark shape detach itself from the shadows of the cottage—and merge into them again. It could only be another dacoit; but Smith, not heeding, or not hearing, my faintly whispered words, crashed open the gate and hurled himself blindly at the door.

It burst open before him with a resounding boom, and he pitched forward into the interior darkness. Flat upon the floor he lay, for as, with a last effort, I gained the threshold and dragged myself within, I almost fell over his recumbent body.

Madly I snatched at the door. His foot held it open. I kicked the foot away and banged the door to. As I turned, the leading dacoit, his eyes starting from their sockets, his face the face of a demon, leaped through the gateway.

That Smith had burst the latch I felt assured, but by some divine accident my weak hands found the bolt. With the last ounce of strength spared to me I thrust it home in the rusty socket—as a full six inches of shining steel split the middle panel and protruded above my head!

I dropped sprawling beside my friend.

A terrific blow shattered every pane of glass in the solitary window—and one of the grinning animal faces looked in.

"Sorry—old man," whispered Smith—and his voice was barely audible. Weakly, he grasped my hand. "My fault—I shouldn't—have let you—come."

FROM the corner of the room where the black shadows lay flicked a long tongue of flame. Muffled, staccato, came the report. And the yellow face at the window was blotted out!

One wild cry, ending in a rattling gasp, told of a dacoit gone to his account. A gray figure glided past me and was silhouetted against the broken window. Again the pistol sent its message into the night, and again came the reply to tell how well and truly that message had been delivered.

In the stillness, intense by sharp contrast, the sound of bare soles pattering upon the path outside stole to me. Two runners I thought there were; so that

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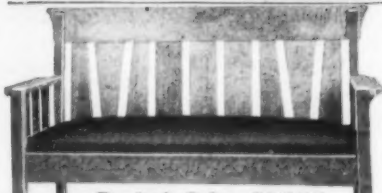
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four dacoits must have been upon our trail. The room was full of pungent smoke. I staggered to my feet as the gray figure with the revolver turned toward me. Something familiar there was in that long gray garment—and now I perceived why I had thought so.

It was my gray raincoat!
"Karamanéh!" I whispered.
And Smith, supporting himself uprightly with difficulty, and holding fast to the ledge beside the door, muttered something hoarsely, which sounded like "God bless her!"

The girl, trembling now, placed her hands upon my shoulders with that quaint pathetic gesture peculiarly her own.

"I followed you," she said. "Did you not know I should follow you? But I had to hide because of another who was following also! I had but just reached this place when I saw you running—toward me—"

SHE broke off and turned to Smith. "This is your pistol," she said naively. "I found it in your bag! Will you please take it?"

He took it without a word. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak.

"Now go! Hurry!" she said. "You are not safe yet."

"But you?" I asked.

"You have failed," she replied. "I must go back to him. There is no other way."

Strangely sick at heart for a man who has just had a miraculous escape from death, I opened the door. Coatless, disheveled figures, my friend and I stepped out into the moonlight.

Hidcous under the pale rays lay the two dead men, their glazed eyes upcast to the peace of the blue heavens. Karamanéh had shot to kill; for both had bullets in their brains. If God ever planned a more complex nature than hers, a nature more tumultuous with conflicting passions, I cannot conceive of it. Yet her beauty was of the sweetest; and in some respects she had the heart of a child—this girl who could shoot so straight.

"We must send the police to-night," said Smith. "Or the papers—"

"Hurry," came the girl's voice commandingly from the darkness of the cottage.

It was a singular situation. My very soul rebelled against it. But what could we do?

"Tell us where we can communicate," began Smith.

"Hurry! I shall be suspected! Do you want him to kill me?"

WE moved away. All was very still now, and the lights glimmered faintly ahead. Not a wisp of cloud brushed the moon's disk.

"Good-night, Karamanéh," I whispered softly.

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The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY-ONE.....NUMBER 6
APRIL 26, 1913

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MR. E. C. SIMMONS, of this town, started out in the hardware business with a perfectly clear notion about implements, hardware, and bench tools: They must be good all through or they would be worse than useless in the long run. So he formulated a little maxim, and made it the central pier of his mercantile bridge—"the recollection of quality remains long after price is forgotten." It worked so well as a "selling point," that he took it over when he became a magnate, and made it the legend accompanying his "Keen Kutter" escutcheon. In other words, he made it the main caisson under a business which employs, at latest reports, nearly \$13,382,500 of capital.

Mr. Simmons, as we have said, believed that "Quality" was the prime mover of a mercantile machine. He did not, however, expect his wares to sell themselves. He learned, early in his career, that goods move faster from the shelves when they have good advertising and catchy trade-marks to push them. Thus it came about that the now famous slogan—Quality Unforgettable, Price Soon Forgotten—was introduced into the national advertising, alongside of the familiar trade-mark.

Mr. Simmons was one of the pioneers in the now universal field of corporation business, and, too, he was ahead of most merchants in abandoning the Roman dictum "caveat emptor" (keep an eye on the salesman, and don't give him your money until you see what you are getting for it). In place of that hoary wisdom, Mr. Simmons inculcated a far better and more philosophic principle: "The salesman's duty is to help his customer to prosper." So far as we know, it was the earliest adoption, on a national scale, of the "service" doctrine, that latterly dominates most large businesses in America, from the transcontinental railways down to the chewing gum industry.

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A. C. G. Hammesfahr

Manager Advertising Department

No. 115

Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under
Klosed-Krotch Patents

The perfection of summer underwear comfort. Crotch is closed as in a pair of drawers. No edges or surplus material to draw and irritate the skin. Front and rear openings separate. Can't gap in the seat. Made of best materials. Light, airy, roomy. The only garment of this style licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. \$1 up. If not carried by your dealer, he can secure from us.

Other furnishings bearing the

Wilson Bros
mark of quality include
Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery,
Suspenders, Neckwear,
Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bros
528-536
South 5th Ave.
Chicago





Is Your Own Home Cooking Pure?

HUNDREDS of thousands of careful housewives use in the home cooking in which they take such pride, ingredients so vicious that the result, however good it tastes, is almost as harmful to health as the worst products of the food adulterator, who deliberately debases, drugs and adulterates for profit.

For instance, how often have you bought and used "cooking butter"? Do

you know what it often is? Butter that went wrong in its youth—foul, rancid stuff, steamed and treated so that you can't recognize it, although it isn't any better than before. Home-made foods containing this ingredient, or cooked in it, cannot possibly be the wholesome, pure, nourishing foods you ought to eat.

If you use *cheap* lard, you run the same risk of getting a product filthy in

origin and inefficient and unwholesome as a cooking agent. These aren't pleasant facts, but they are facts, and you might as well recognize them.

But you can protect yourself against defects such as this in your home-cooking processes quite as easily as you can protect yourself against adulterated, drugged or debased foods offered to you ready for your use, and the means of this protection is the same in both cases,

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This gives you a list of absolutely pure brands of food products and food ingredients of all sorts, from apple-butter to yeast. These pure brands have been sifted out of many thousands of foods and food stuffs analyzed during the past ten years by the impartial chemists of the Westfield Board of Health, working in the interests of the food-buying public and nothing else. The Book does not list *every* pure brand, because it has not yet been possible to analyze all the foods on

the market, but it does list so many of them, it gives you such a wide range of choice, that you are almost certain to find at least one of the brands it approves on sale at any corner grocery store.

Don't run any more needless risks in your food-buying. Here is full protection for you within easy reach, without any effort, study or bother on your part. With a copy of the Westfield Book in your hands, you can specify products of absolutely proven purity and pass instant

judgment on any substitute offered to you.

Send today for this book. Tear off the coupon below and mail it, with 10c in stamps or silver, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. When you get the book, use it yourself, show it to your grocer and let him see that you are going to be guided by it. Tell your friends about it and let them share in its protection.

Don't guess at your food problems any more—the Westfield Book makes you sure your food is pure.



TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE
BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Ready for Anything

—at any time.



Slippery
pavements

Oily
garage floors

Heavy
mud

Oiled
roads

Loose
Macadam

Rough
roads

Fast
roads

For
each of these
conditions there's
a *particular* feature
of safety and service in

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

—the tires born of study of actual *service* needs. Now in their fourth big season of yearly doubling and redoubling sale. The heaviest tires of the rated sizes manufactured.

On Slippery Pavements—however wet or greasy—Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed not to skid, or are returnable at full price after reasonable period of trial. The suction hold *positively* prevents all slipping or loss of traction.

In Heavy Mud—the massive cups thrust far deeper than any other tread design, affording unequalled powers of traction and resistance to slewing.

On Oily Roads, Pavements and Garage Floors—the exclusive oilproof quality of Vacuum Cup Tires makes them absolutely immune to that most destructive and spreading tire evil—"Oil Disease."

On Loose Macadam—particularly when wet, the cutting action of the stones is nullified by the deep, heavy knobs which displace and dispose the stones between them and thus relieve all solid impact.

On Rough Roads and roads strewn with puncturing objects, the same diversity of thrust operates to save the tires from cut or puncture—so that they are termed 90% puncture proof.

On Fine, Fast Roads, where speed produces abrasion and friction, the extreme toughness and the phenomenal heat radiating powers of the tread make for really amazing mileage-endurance.

These are the remarkable and exclusive features which, with the greater weight and superior quality of Vacuum Cup Tires, justify our definite printed *Guarantee of 4,000 Miles* attached to each casing—and enable us to promise an *average* mileage far in excess of that distance. At your dealer's—or write for nearest one.

**Pennsylvania Rubber
Company, Jeannette, Pa.**

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

BRANCHES:

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Ave.	Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th St.
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Ave.	Kansas City, Mo., 514 E. 15th St.
Detroit, 254 Jefferson Ave.	Omaha, 215 S. 20th Street
Chicago, 1094 Michigan Ave.	Seattle, Armour Building

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF NEW YORK	
New York City, 1700 Broadway	Boston, 149 Berkeley Street
Dallas, 411 S. Ervay Street	

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF CALIFORNIA	
San Francisco, 512-514 Mission St.	Los Angeles, 930 So. Main St.





The P. A. Cheer-up Club

Here's the biggest and joyfulest comradeship in the world—the Brotherhood of Prince Albert Smokers. East, West, North, South, the counter-sign—the toppy red bag or the tidy red tin—in the hands of pipe-happy men tells the story of pipe-freedom.

You join: Get jimmy pipe joy'us. Initiation, one jimmy pipe. Dues, a supply of Prince Albert—tobacco that can't bite your tongue, because the bite is taken out by a patented process. No other tobacco can be like

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

For the first time, get your fill of pipe smoking. Go to it as though you were just starting in, green like, because you don't know what you're missing if you don't smoke P. A.

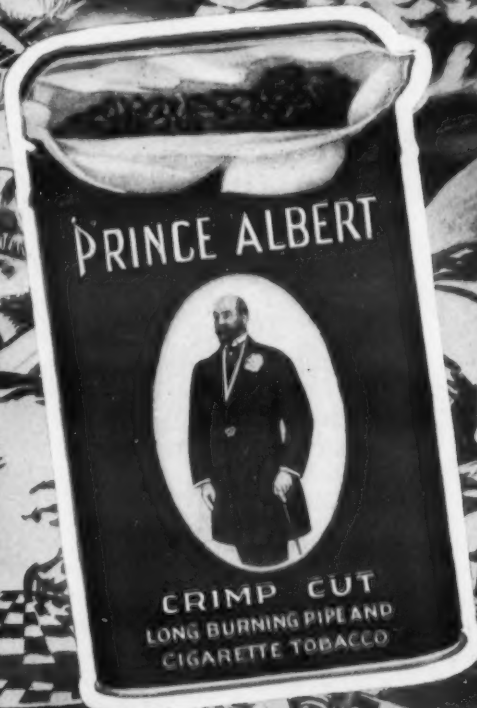
Figure out the joy and content that comes from a tamed jimmy pipe. All day and all night you fire up and there's never a tingle on the tip of your tongue! That's what P. A. means to you, right now!

Wipe out the pipe grouch and join the P. A. Cheer-up Club. It's a mighty fine thing for what ails you. Get the old jimmy back on the firing line, all packed with P. A. And say, such a cigarette P. A. makes! You lay a bet that it's the freshest, sweetest you ever rolled.

Just you forget earlier parched throat miseries with the fire-brands and dust-brands. Get a fresh start with P. A. and wax glad you're alive.

Prince Albert is sold throughout the United States and Canada and in nearly every civilized country in the world. The toppy red bag, 5c (handy for cigarette smokers), and the tidy red tin, 10c, greet you in any neck of the woods you happen to be. Also sold in handsome pound and half-pound humidor.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



7